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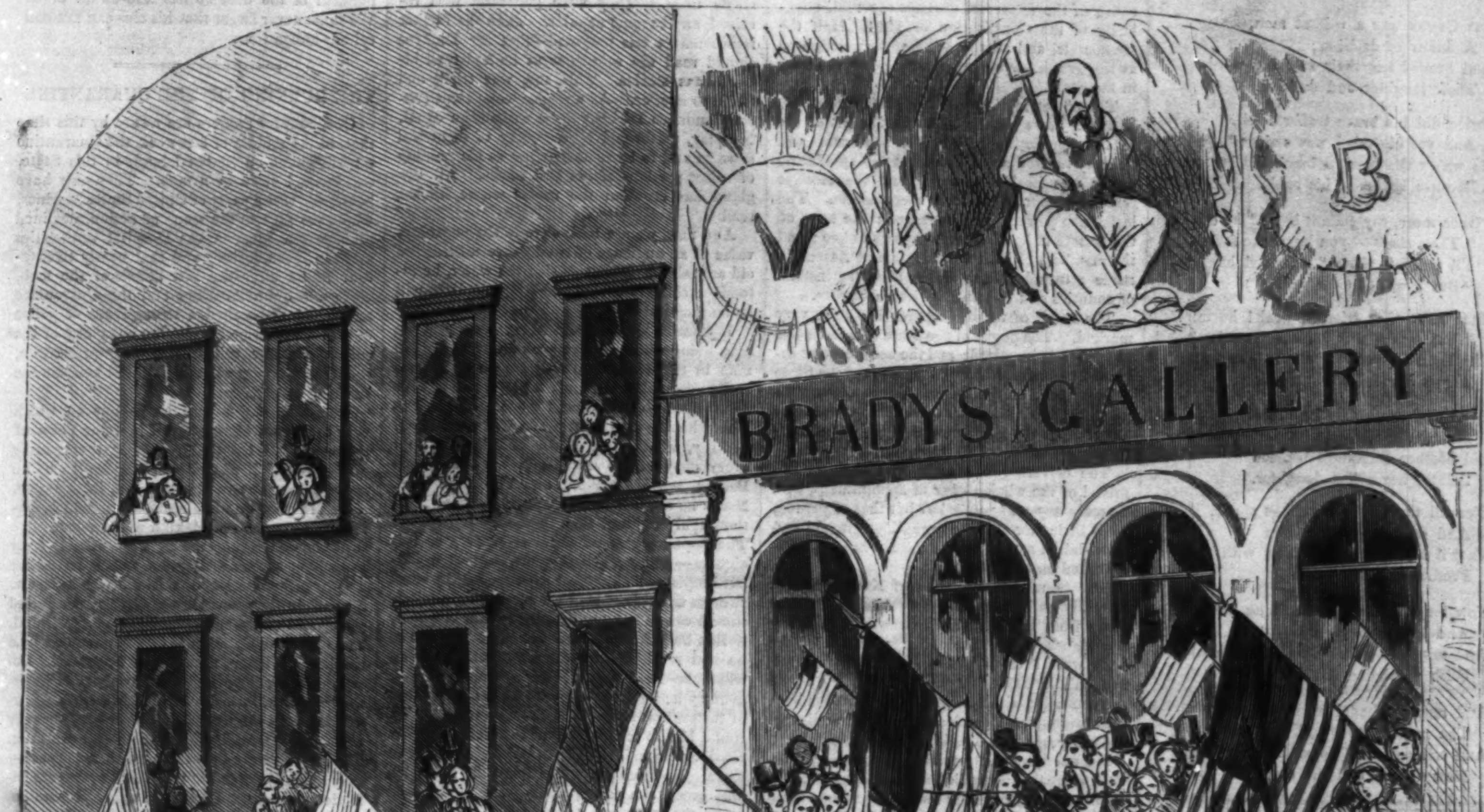


THE ATLANTIC CABLE CELEBRATION—THE NIAGARAS IN BROADWAY.—[See Page 586.]

HOW CYRUS LAID THE CABLE.

A BALLAD.

[*Written for Harper's Weekly.*]

BY JOHN G. SAXE.

COME listen all unto my song;
It is no silly fable;
'Tis all about the mighty cord
They call the Atlantic Cable.

Bold CYRUS FIELD he said, says he,
I have a pretty notion
That I can run a telegraph
Across the Atlantic Ocean.

Then all the people laughed, and said,
They'd like to see him do it;
He might get half-seas-over, but
He never could go through it;

To carry out his foolish plan
He never would be able;
He might as well go hang himself
With his Atlantic Cable.

But CYRUS was a valiant man,
A fellow of decision;
And heeded not their mocking words,
Their laughter and derision.

Twice did his bravest efforts fail,
And yet his mind was stable;
He wa'n't the man to break his heart
Because he broke his cable.

"Once more, my gallant boys!" he cried;
"*Three times!*—you know the fable—"
("I'll make it *thirty*," muttered he,
"But I will lay the cable!")

Once more they tried—hurrah! hurrah!
What means this great commotion?
The Lord be praised! the cable's laid
Across the Atlantic Ocean!

Loud ring the bells—for, flashing through
Six hundred leagues of water,
Old Mother England's benison
Salutes her eldest daughter.

O'er all the land the tidings speed,
And soon in every nation
They'll hear about the cable with
Profoundest admiration!

Now long live JAMES, and long live VIC,
And long live gallant CYRUS;
And may his courage, faith, and zeal
With emulation fire us;

And may we honor evermore
The manly, bold, and stable,
And tell our sons, to make them brave,
How CYRUS laid the cable.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 11, 1858.

THE CONVENTION.

IT is now just about twelve years since, amidst rejoicings and jubilations of all kinds, the adoption of the Constitution of 1846 was proclaimed. It has been sometimes familiarly called "Mike Hoffmann's Constitution;" and, certainly, few men had more to do with bringing it about than the honest old man whom, in his coat of "hodden gray," we all so well remember. Amidst congratulations, and felicitations, and prognostications of good was the child of the sage of Herkimer born. Radical Democrats were in ecstasies to see some of their dearest theories actually incorporated in a "fundamental law." Jubilant Whigs declared that such an amount of official death had never been known before; and, sure enough, a hecatomb of judges, masters, examiners, inspectors, and functionaries of all names and grades were sacrificed on the altar of the new popular God. The old lawyers rejoiced over the downfall of Walworth, and the young ones danced about the bonfires prepared for Chitty and Graham, like our aboriginal chiefs around the pyre of a foe taken in battle. The Millennium was seen only a little way off. The odious central power was broken down. No more wasteful debts should be contracted by the State. The law should be so plain that he who ran (if he had "ordinary understanding") might read, and Democratic institutions were to take a new start, and open on a new phase of their existence.

Such were the hopes and anticipations that attended the birth of the Constitution of 1846. Only twelve years have rolled away; and when Mr. Stow, last winter, "solitary and alone," had the audacity to introduce a bill for a Convention, with the avowed purpose of openly attacking, if not totally abrogating, this very same Constitution, not a voice was lifted in its favor. No one attempted to defend it. Mr. Stow's bill passed with scarcely a shadow of opposition, and we can now find no one who doubts that the Convention will be held.

If this be so—if we are really on the eve of a reconstruction of the entire frame-work of our State Government—it really behooves us to take the matter into more serious consideration than has as yet been done, and, by discussion and examination, to bring the popular mind up to the great work before us.

It will be well, therefore, briefly to recapitulate the prominent features of the Constitution of 1846, to see how far it has effected any good, and in what respects it has failed to answer the views of its friends and promoters.

And, first, of the Central Power.

In the year 1846 "decentralization" was a popular cry. For a long succession of years the power of the State had been controlled by a very able body of Democratic statesmen, among whom Van Buren, Wright, and Marcy were, perhaps, the most conspicuous. This state of things had produced in a portion of the Democratic party a strong feeling of rivalry and dissatisfaction; and the Whigs seized with eagerness on the opportunity to break down the power of their opponents. This, together with the desire of the lawyers for a judicial reform, was the true cause of the apparent, perhaps the real, popularity of the Constitution of 1846. Half the Democrats, and all the Whigs, were delighted at the overthrow of the greatest political power in the State.

The object in view was completely attained. Not only were all the offices in the gift of the central appointing power (the Governor and Senate) vacated at a swoop, but the appointing power was itself destroyed, and the elective principle resorted to as a *succedaneum*. The legislative power was also razeed; the term of the Senate reduced from four years to two; and the members of both the Senate and Assembly made returnable from single districts, instead of counties and Senate Districts, as before.

The result of these measures has been very marked. The power of the State as a State has been greatly impaired; and the counterpoise intended to be furnished by the check of the State organizations on the Federal Government is almost totally destroyed. And this because the power of all the functionaries of the State is seriously lessened.

The Governor is a mere figure-head. Deprived of the whole power of appointment, with scarcely any real power left but that of pardon, he is little more than a grandiloquent and sesquipedalian sort of turnkey. He has no influence and no control.

The Senate of the State of New York was formerly an influential body. Elected for four years from large Senate Districts, each being one-eighth of the State, the members of the body were sure to have among them men of great ability and influence. The falling off in the character of the Senate since 1846 has been most marked. The Senators are now elected for two years from single Senate Districts, each being only one thirty-second part of the State. The office has dwindled, and of course fallen into the hands of lesser men.

In the Assembly the operation of the curse of the single district system is still more apparent. Formerly the members were chosen from the counties; and in New York, where the mischief is made more apparent, perhaps, than elsewhere, it was impossible to make a ticket of sixteen names which would not contain some individuals representing the real ability and true interests of the metropolis. Not so at all at present. The city is cut up into sixteen separate districts, and in each district a mere local popularity is quite sufficient to return a Representative. The consequence is, that the character of the members of the Assembly has fallen off most manifestly. They no longer represent great bodies of men and large interests, to which and to whom they are responsible; they represent the prejudices, or the passions, or the interests of some small locality; and so long as that locality is satisfied the member is safe in his seat.

These causes are fatal to the character of the legislative body. Just so fast as public spirit and large views go out, just so fast do party rancor and petty interests creep in; and we accordingly find in the tone, the intelligence, and the morals of the Legislature, a very manifest falling off since the adoption of the Constitution of 1846.

Indeed, no argument is required. It is perfectly obvious that a Representative chosen by the city of New York, and responsible to the city of New York, will be a very different person from the Representative of the Twenty-second Ward, or the Eighteenth and a piece of the Nineteenth wards. In the one case, he acts for, speaks for, feels for all the interests of a great city; in the other, he is the Representative of some corner grocery.

But our subject grows apace. At some other time we shall call attention to other branches of the topic.

It is enough for the present to close by saying that there is no subject at present before the people that can be compared in interest to the approaching Convention. Now that Kansas no longer shrieks or howls, and that the star of the Prophet has paled in Utah, there is really nothing before us half so well worth occupying our minds or our pens as the reorganization of our State Constitution.

CHARLES DICKENS AGAIN IN THIS COUNTRY.

WE have good reason to believe that Mr. Charles Dickens contemplates, at no distant period, a second visit to the United States. Large as Mr. Dickens's emoluments have been, his expenditure has been so liberal that the pursuit of gain is not indifferent to him. And the handsome reward which Mr. Thackeray reaped from his late tours among us has, it is said, stimulated Mr. Dickens to renew his acquaintance with the Yankees and their almighty dollars. He will not come as a lecturer. Though a man so versatile that he might have commanded success in almost any walk of life, and most certainly in any which depended on the display of eloquence and elocution, Mr. Dickens has never trenched on the peculiar field of the popular lecturer. He is a public reader. He reads —not Shakspeare, but Dickens. Some time since the idea of publishing himself in detachments occurred either to him or to some one of his friends. Selections were made from his works—tid-bits, adapted for consumption at a single meal. They were generally well received, and became popular. Then the further improvement was proposed—that Mr. Dickens should read the selections as he had read his Christmas stories. This, too, was tried, and found to answer. As a reader, competent critics pronounce Dickens to be without an equal. No play, performed by a galaxy of theatrical stars, is said to be as entrancing as his reading of select portions of his best works. All England has crowded the rooms where he has read.

And now, we are told, alive to the pecuniary value of an audience of twenty-five millions of old acquaintances on this side the water, he intends to come to the United States. How will he be received?

If Charles Dickens had never been here, no man living would receive such an ovation. No man in the world is so well known or so generally admired in the United States as he. We have reason to know that, for one reader in England, he has ten here. We will go farther, and say, without fear of contradiction, that, for every copy of his works circulated in Great Britain, ten are printed and circulated here. Nor is he any where better appreciated or more thoroughly enjoyed than in the United States. The popularity of other men—natives or foreigners—authors, artists, poets, statesmen, philanthropists—sinks into insignificance in comparison with his. Had we never seen him, we should certainly bow the knee to him *en masse*.

But he has been here. He came long before he had reached the pinnacle of eminence on which he now stands. Yet so many in this country had derived pleasure and the best kind of instruction from his works that all crowded round him to testify their admiration. He was fêted as no man had been before, or has been since. No doubt, in many cases, the adulation was gross, the compliments were in doubtful taste, the attentions excessive. The public is various—fine and coarse clay mixed. But the spirit of Dickens's reception was uniform—an honest desire to do homage to a great and good writer. The civility was badly requited. The sarcasms embodied in the "Notes" and "Martin Chuzzlewit" may have been based on truth; many of them were so beyond doubt; but coming from a man whose ears were still ringing with hearty American welcome, and whose stomach was hardly disburdened of American good cheer, they were in bad taste. It may be said that we had no right to expect to purchase Mr. Dickens's pen by offerings to his intellectual and physical palate; but it is still truer that it was hardly decent for him to accept the offerings and then snarl at the giver. He should have made his election; either to eat our cakes or to snarl; to do both was unseemly. Nor is it any excuse that he has always been the satirist of the faults of his own people. There he is at home. Here he was a guest. A man may scold his own cook as much as he pleases, but he has no business to growl at the toughness of his neighbor's steak, having previously gorged himself therewith. An American who had been received in England as Dickens was here, and who had written about the English as he wrote about the Americans, depicting the rank and file of the nation as coarse, low, dishonest, bullying, ill-bred fellows, and throwing in an occasional decent imbecile as a foil, would have been eschewed by good literary society here, and would have been pronounced a foul-mouthed slanderer by the European critics. Does the rule hold good both ways?

Mr. Dickens's reception here will somewhat depend on the degree to which these considerations will affect the natural tendency of our people to fête him. Possibly, however, at the present moment, other obstacles may stand in the way of his welcome here. It is known throughout this country, that, after twenty years of married life, he has just separated from his wife, on the ground, as he states, of incompatibility of temper. Separations between husband and wife are but too common here, alas! but when a man and woman have lived together twenty years in this country, they generally make out to spend the brief balance of their life in each other's society. Very often it is a hardship to one or the other, but they bear the cross as manfully as they can, consoling themselves with the thought that they have set no shameful example of matrimonial disturbance, brought no blush to their children's cheek, preserved inviolate the sacred secret of their family sorrow. Mr. Dickens has pursued a different course. Not satisfied with blazoning his trouble, he has wantonly and cruelly sought to lay the whole blame of the separation on his wife. He has published a letter charging her with the grossest neglect of the duties which should have been dearest to her as a wife and a mother. If the charge was false, it was dastardly to urge it; if it was true, it was even worse. No doubt, in the event of Mr. Dickens's arrival here, this matter would influence the conduct of many wives and mothers in regard to him.

Still, for all this, as a man whose debtors we all are for rich and rare feasts of amusement, and the best and soundest instruction that mankind enjoys at the present day, Charles Dickens is entitled to a respectful and grateful welcome at our hands. We may not take him to our hearts; but we owe it to ourselves to be not unmindful of the debt he has laid on all of us. We must never forget that his sins can not cancel our obligations.

THE BURNING OF THE QUARANTINE.

OUR country readers are aware by this time that, in the middle of last week, the Quarantine establishment on Staten Island, in this State, was burned down by a mob. They may have heard also that a party of United States Marines, who were sent to the scene of action, declined to interfere between the Hospital authorities and the incendiaries; and that nearly twenty-four hours after the last attack of the mob, Governor John A. King and the Quarantine authorities dispatched a strong force of police to prevent the rioters carrying away any of the ruins. But for this last salutary precaution, there is no saying what might have befallen the smoking embers.

This Quarantine question is one on which very erroneous ideas prevail in some parts of the country. On the face of it, the burning of hospitals full of sick people seems to be an act of outrageous vandalism; but, in this case, there are concomitant circumstances which materially alter the complexion of the deed.

When the State of New York seized, forty years ago, a piece of land on Staten Island for a Quarantine station, the island was a desert. Since then the growth of the city has compelled settlement on all accessible parts of the island. The Quarantine station is now surrounded by a continuous village, many miles in extent. Between that village and the city there is incessant communication. Evidently such a Quarantine as this was no Quarantine at all. The very essence of Quarantine—isolation—was wanting. The hospitals not only failed in their purpose—they actually served to nurse and propagate infectious disease. In spite of every precaution, for many years past yellow fever has been systematically spread every summer from the Quarantine to the adjacent village, and thence to the city. Two years ago the absurdity and the danger of the location on Staten Island were so obvious that the Legislature passed an act directing the removal of the Quarantine. Unfortunately the execution of the act was intrusted to parties, some of whom were bent on making corrupt gain out of it; so it failed. The people of the island, who were the most direct sufferers by the maintenance of the Quarantine, waited patiently two years; then, finding that the wise intentions of the Legislature had been frustrated, and that there was no prospect of removing the Quarantine under the State Act, they proceeded by another method. The town of Castleton, in which the hospitals stood, pronounced them, through the regular municipal channel, a nuisance, and authorized their abatement. On which the people deliberately removed the sick and burned them down.

Arson is an ugly offense, and the destruction of property very blameworthy. But we are not told that the soul of John Brown of Providence was doomed to eternal perdition for the burning of the *Gaspé*; nor is it generally understood that the Mohawks who destroyed certain cargoes of tea one day, long ago, in Boston harbor, were weighed down to the grave by remorse for the crime. And what can be dearer to a man than the health of his wife and children and all whom he loves best?

THE LOUNGER.

THE JUBILEE.

THERE have been great festivals within a century. Many men can remember the joy over our peace of '15, and the lights that burned in English windows when the conqueror of the world was conquered at Waterloo. Others can recall the illumination of London when the news came from Nelson at the Nile and at Trafalgar; and a sacred few may still hear and see, in their farthest memories, the fires that blazed and the bells that rung when our great Revolution ended.

Yet there was never a light that burned in a palace window for victory by sea or land that did not suggest those human windows in which the

light of life was darkened forever—those temples of the human form that lay in utter ruin upon the field. In all music of warlike triumph there is a terrible minor, and in the joyous clangor and merry chime of church bells there is a dirge-like undertone tolling a note of death.

But our Jubilee of the Cable was unstained by a single tear of regret. The vast city swarmed with eager people—the whole country stood in sympathy—a friendly message ran through the sea between the two great centres of human life upon the two continents—the brightest sun shone—the softest airs blew—there could have been no human being any where in the world who knew what was happening but must have been glad at heart, and shared in the triumph.

There are men who sigh for other ages; who would have lived in the Athens of Pericles—in the Rome of the Republic—in the Italy of the Medici—or the England of Elizabeth. But let any man study them well—let him master their richest resources of art and skill—let him climb their airiest and loftiest thought—admire their heroism, burn with their purpose, leap with their excitement—and then, musing upon man and the end of his development in time, declare whether, upon the purest and noblest, the most humane and hopeful grounds, he would not choose—if the choice were his—to live to-day, and here, when nations say—not as a battle-cry, as when the Church used the words in days which so many think more religious, because more ecclesiastical, but as a hearty wish and prayer—Peace on earth, good-will to men!

THE CINCINNATI.

"ST. LOUIS, *August*, 1858.

"FRIEND LOUNGER.—Can you inform me through your columns if the Society of 'Cincinnati' is still in existence, and what is their insignia, and if descendants of Revolutionary heroes are eligible to membership? I am a lineal descendant of one of those who crossed the Delaware on the floating ice, and who received from a grateful (?) country a pension until the day of his death; and, if I am eligible to membership, should like the privilege of becoming associated, did I know the means to obtain my desire.

"Truly, dear Lounger, yours,
"BASTION."

—BASTION will find the latest account of the origin of the Society of the Cincinnati in the fourth volume of Irving's Life of Washington. The Society is still in existence in some of the States, and the meeting of the Massachusetts Chapter on the last Fourth of July—the day originally appointed for the meeting of the State societies, was interesting and lively.

The Society arose from the natural reluctance of the officers of the Revolutionary army to separate, after eight years common suffering and toil, without some bond of union. General Knox proposed the foundation of a society designed to cherish these patriotic and humane sympathies, and General Washington cordially approved the suggestion. Baron Steuben presided at the preliminary meetings, and Generals Knox, Hand, Huntington, and Captain Shaw drafted a plan for a society, which was organized on the 13th May, 1783, at the old house, now the residence of Hon. Gulian C. Verplanck, on the Hudson River.

The Society was to be hereditary among the oldest male posterity of the founders, or failing these, in the nearest collateral branches. Its objects were the promotion of national honor and union—individual sympathy, and the relief of such officers and their families as might need it. The General Society was to be divided into States, and these into districts, and distinguished citizens might be made honorary members. It was to have an insignia called "the order of the Cincinnati," to be suspended upon a deep blue ribbon edged with white, in allusion to the friendship of the United States and France.

The emblems of the Cincinnati, which are borne upon the breast of a golden bald eagle, are "Cincinnatus, three Senators presenting him with a sword, and other military ensigns. On a field in the back-ground, his wife, standing at the door of their cottage. Near it a plow and other instruments of husbandry. Round the whole, *Omnia reliquit servare rempublicam*. On the reverse, sun rising; a city with open gates, and vessels entering the port; Fame crowning Cincinnatus with a wreath, inscribed *Virtutis præmium*. Below, hands joined supporting a heart, with the motto *Esto Perpetua*. Round the whole *Societas Cincinnatorum Instituta*, A.D. 1783."

The first meeting of the Society was in Philadelphia on the first of May, 1784. Washington presided, and calmed the jealousy which had been excited by Judge Burke, of South Carolina, who denounced the scheme as the foundation of an order of nobility. Washington effected the abolition of the hereditary principle, instituting that of election.

The Society has languished of late years; but it has generally a place allotted to it in Fourth of July processions. Unless the ancestor of "Bastion" were a revolutionary officer—or unless he is the nearest male descendant of such an officer, he can probably not be elected into the Cincinnati.

MALE AND FEMALE.

IF a man should receive a circular of a school for young males; or a newspaper should announce that a discourse of Mr. Everett's was a splendid specimen of male eloquence; or some impassioned speaker should declare that he believed in male education; they would probably be reminded that education and eloquence have no sex, and that a farmer whose cow had just brought him a fine young bull, or his mare a young horse, might properly send the animals to the school on the ground that they were young males.

When it is necessary to use the word man, dear Benoni, do say man, and not male; for there are plenty of males that are not human. And so, also, when you mean a woman, don't say female. A cow is female.

Still farther, Benoni, when you make a delightful little trip with your wife, and, alighting at the most fashionable hotel, proceed to write your name and her name upon the register, write "*Mr. and Mrs. Benoni Bump*," and not "*B. Bump and lady*." What lady? Whose lady? Suppose your mother, in traveling with you when young, had written in the book "*Mrs. Bump and gentleman*." Why, the Moral Reform Society would instantly have denounced the hotel as an improper place. Mrs. Benoni Bump, let us hope, is both a female and a lady. But neither of these words, when written in a book, necessarily indicate Mrs. B. B.

Suppose, Mrs. Bump, your husband had been traveling with Miss ——. Might he not have written with perfect truth upon the register, "*Benoni Bump and lady?*"

MORE MANNERS.

A LATE number of the London *Saturday Review*, a weekly paper which has recently attracted some attention in this country by its foolish and ill-natured article upon Dr. Francis's pleasant gossip about old New York, contains a notice of the *North American Review*. Of course the Rev. Mr. Toots's opinions are not of the slightest consequence; but he says truculently of our venerable and respectable Quarterly, the *North American*, "The *Review* is an elaborate imitation of the great British Quarterlies, *and the English of the writers is very good English of the kind spoken at Boston*." Where shall we find a more comprehensive unkindness than that?

SUMMER INNS.

WHILE "the world" is rolling about in the hot months, trying to keep cool, it sometimes regrets that our inns—of course the most splendid, spacious, and superior in the known world—are not sometimes a little more comfortable, clean, and picturesque. There are even men to be found who shrink from a little summer jaunt into the remoter parts of the country, because they think of ——, and ——, and ——, which have been heard of in certain places.

There is a certain *clericus rusticus* who writes from England to the Springfield *Republican*, and he has the following in one of his letters, which the wayfarer at some choice country inn of our own, our native land, may compare with his surroundings.

What on earth does the reverend gentleman mean by "sun-blistered, tasteless purgatory?" Does he mean to insinuate that a Yankee tavern is not a little Paradise?

"Oh these English inns! how charming they are! The smallest of them has its garden, brilliant with rhododendra, roses, and azaleas, its arbors overhung with ivy and honey-suckle, its lawn soft to the foot as velvet. You take off your pack, after a fatiguing walk, and it is perfect rest to sit down and be refreshed by the beauty and quiet around you. Every where through Wales I was charmed with this feature, and most painfully did I contrast these homes of the traveler with many a dusty, sun-blistered, tasteless purgatory in which I have sojourned in my native land. Farther on in Wales, where I got into the wilder scenery, these exquisite garden plots and spots of high culture formed an inexpressibly beautiful offset to the rigor of bleak mountains and savage passes."

THE LOUNGER'S LETTER-BOX.

'CHATTANOOGA, TENNESSEE, *August*, 1858.

"In your paper of 14th inst., under the head of 'Cards Spiritualized,' or The Perpetual Almanac, or Soldiers' Prayer-Book, giving an account of Richard Lane, a private, etc., you say, 'When I count how many spots in a pack of cards, I find 365. As many days as there are in a year.'

"Will you please let us know how and where you get the 365. And oblige MANY SUBSCRIBERS."

—The Lounger is delighted to learn that in Tennessee there are "many subscribers" who do not know cards well enough to be able to estimate the collective number of spots in a pack. He begs to remind them that "you," namely, *Harper's Weekly*, says nothing about the number. The estimate is made by the soldier in the story related. The Lounger, however, with his most respectful compliments to "many subscribers," begs to say that in a pack of cards there are four suits—that each suit consists of thirteen cards, spotted from one to ten inclusive, and that there are three picture cards in each suit, each having one spot. The total number of spots is, therefore, two hundred and twenty-eight, as a little skillfully applied Colburn, Smith, or Daboll will show. When, therefore, the soldier said there were three hundred and sixty-five, it is a fair presumption that his ready wit and sagacity in the invention of the little romance of the Prayer Book and the Almanac saved him from a severe castigation. If "many subscribers" in Tennessee are destitute of a pack of cards, they might, perhaps, find one in some of the neighboring States.

"DARBY, PENNSYLVANIA, *August*, 1858.

"DEAR LOUNGER,—A week or two ago I had the pleasure of reading in your individual columns a very moral and very heartless attack on *Bulwer*, by *Mr. Timothy Redtop*. Having received your permission to reply to him, I take this method of doing so, and of remarking that said Mr. T. R. forgets that the private life of a public man is the very part which should never injure us by example; the very part with which we have nothing to do, and of which we have nothing, certainly accurate, to say. Bulwer, as well as other great men, is a being of two distinct lives; he is an amphibious animal, living in the air of a vast public world, and in the waters of his own private and individual pond. Now, however clearly we can see what passes concerning him in the air, where nothing interposes between us and his movements, Mr. T. R. forgets that the currents in the water in a great measure obstruct our sight, and prevent us from telling what is actually going on down below. But, to carry no farther this brilliant figure, let me remind Mr. Timothy Redtop that the long and brilliant labors of Bulwer have never been exerted toward the building up of false philosophy, false morality, or false religion, but have tended in a good degree toward rendering mankind sensible to the powers which they actually possess for controlling actual passions.

"When Timothy Redtop, Esq., speaks of Bulwer as Byron and water, the reader will perhaps allow me to remind him that probably no two men differed more widely as men than the two which he thus places side by side. Byron, through his whole career, was constantly 'wiping his eyes on the public.' Bulwer, on the contrary, has never appeared in public on the subject that has been so long before it, and even now, when he would apparently be justified in making some public comment, his usual reticence prevents him from speaking.

"Nor am I at liberty to believe, with Mr. Timothy Redtop, that Bulwer is selfish, and coarse, and immoral. Where does he see it? Is it in the King Maker dying on the field, with 'wife' and 'child' upon his lip? Is it in the story of the Broken Flower-Pot, which all the world knows was crushed by Pisistratus, and not by Primmius? Is it in the glorious reconciliation between the chained heart of the Right Honorable Audley Egerton and the aching, longing, breaking heart of Harley L'Estrange? Is this the 'fungus' that feeds upon 'the moral sophistry of extremely civilized society?' Is this the 'glittering hollowness' which Mr. Timothy Redtop and his fellow 'thoughtful readers' have found in his books? And all this because a vulgar woman, envious of her lord's success, finds no other revenge than attacking him with bad novels, and confronting him in political meetings! Oh, Mr. Timothy Redtop, I wish I was a boarding-school young lady—I would talk harder to you than I do now!

"The profoundest scholar, the most popular dramatist, the most perfect novelist that now lives, or, in the last place, that ever lived, to be accused of 'glittering hollowness,' is one of the last efforts of modern genius. Dear Lounger, my feelings have not permitted me to write very pithily, as you suggested; but do say a word or two for the creator of such noble monuments of genius and worth! Save us from the morality of the Drabflaps and the Redtops!

"Yours, truly, J. B."

—The Lounger is glad that the Boarding-School has found so zealous an ally as "J. B." Probably Mr. Timothy Redtop would recommend to his attention some views in the letter of Mr. Samuel Crumbcloth, published last week. And might not the Lounger suggest to "J. B." what he said last week—"How *can* we help looking at the preacher's life? If he preaches in a stolen coat, how can we care for his homily against stealing?"

—On the perfumed wings of the most Alhambra-watered and ashes-of-rose-lined paper comes fluttering into the hands of the Lounger this waif from the sea-side:

"Two young ladies, unaccustomed to the ardent embraces of every young man who honored them by an invitation to dance, politely declined the fond assistance of a couple of fops to sustain their lovely forms in the rapid gyrations of the exhilarating and fascinating polka, and preferred to support each other. They flew around, and around, to the envy of all the pretty fellows, who longed to clasp those forms in vain. Wearied and breathless, they stopped to rest at an open window. One of the rejected supporters approached, and, bowing humbly, said, 'It afflicts me grievously that I can not convert myself into a couch, so you, "ladies fair," might repose yourselves after your severe exertions.' 'Alas! why can you not?' answered the elder fair one, sweetly; 'for then I would select *your head* as the softest seat!'"

—The Lounger has received the note from "A LOVER OF FUN," in "G. G., Canada W." But would it be quite fair to publish it? It seems to be genuine. If it be so, what amount of fun could justify its publication?

"PHILADELPHIA, *August*, 1858.

"DEAR LOUNGER,—The Atlantic cable is indeed laid, and we have received the message of the Queen to the President of the United States; but there is much discussion here in Philadelphia as to the grammatical construction of it. I contend that the words used in the message, 'successful completion,' are ungrammatical; I would like to have the Lounger's opinion on the subject. Please answer, and oblige a SUBSCRIBER."

—Completion does not admit of degrees. Could there be an unsuccessful completion? It means accomplishment, and no work can be more than accomplished as respects *fulfillment*. It may be happily or unhappily accomplished or completed, and it may be completed to the dissatisfaction of persons interested; but then that dissatisfaction is that the work is done at all. The cable could only be laid or not laid. It might have been laid, and then it might not have worked; but the laying would have been complete, and the working incomplete. Until it was all safely laid, it was not completed, and of course was not a success, and until it works perfectly the working is not completed.

The same mistake is frequently made in using the word *satisfied*. Travelers write enthusiastically in foreign hotel books—"Mr. and Mrs. Tape and family staid four days; enchanted with the scenery, and extremely satisfied with the hotel." How can they be more than satisfied? They may be surprised at its excellence, and that their expectations of what a hotel should be are answered; but that is simple satisfaction. It is dangerous to pepper our sentences with random adverbs, and "A Subscriber's" question is worthy of being carefully considered.

"SING SING.

"MR. LOUNGER,—Now that all the world is going crazy about the Ocean Telegraph, and many would-be-orators, who couldn't find a decent excuse before, are now making up for it by taking their change out of 'The Message,' we Sing Sing folk have 'followed suit,' and had 'our say' as well as others. On Tuesday last we had a celebration, fired off a salute of thirty-two guns—no one was hurt, nor any frightened either; so if you hear that, it's a libel, and say I said so—and in the evening Leggett's brass band, as well as the *indispensable* rockets and fire-crackers, awakened the echoes of our hills and hollows—not 'sleepy' ones that evening, I assure you. Speeches, and good ones too, we had, of course, from clergy, lawyers, and citizens of all classes and countries, including one from our respected representative, Hon. B. Brandreth. But after all, the great gun of the evening was the following choice *morceau*, which was handed in, and which I send intact. Can any of your poets beat it? Eh! Mr. Lounger! If they can I'll cave in! Yours, SCRIPSI."

THE ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH.

the tune of Tom Moore.

Come Johns and Brother Jonethon
and Listen to my song
while I relate a story to Nations does Belong
its of the atlantic telegraph that Comes across
the sea, with news from Queen Victoria
we gladly did receive.

CORUS

So Huray Huray for the telegraph and
Cheer it three times three for News has Come
from England across the Atlantic Sea.

Now this Atlantic telegraph excitement it does cause
But I hope and trust it will prevent us ever more Been foes
So Let us now stand side by side and Join Both hand and hand
No Nation then that is under the sun our power can withstand.

CORUS

So three Cheeres for those two Countries
united may the Be
and three times three for Washington
his Country he set free.

I saw out of Tunsell's windew, the union Jack was flying
with the Stars and Stripes of america togather did entwine
and may our unity keep good and from misfortune free
we will thank the Lord that reigns above and Neptune of the sea.

CORUS

So three Cheers for James Buchanon and may his helth keep good
and to this Country of freemen who gaind it with there Blood.

—Mr. "IBRAHIM BELLFLOWER" writes, from Springfield, Ohio, a few lines of justice to Mr. Morse. But however slow this country may be in recognizing the scientific services of her children, when once she acknowledges them it is done without reservation. Mr. Morse is now no less sure of his American glory than of his European tribute. The Lounger wishes sincerely it might be doubled here at home.

The "four lines" are Thackeray's, in his Song for Christmas:

"Christmas is here,
Winds whistle shrill,
Icy and chill—
Little care we," etc.

"NEW YORK, *September*, 1858.

"MY DEAR LOUNGER,—In your issue of August 28th, in speaking of the President's and Queen Victoria's telegraphic greetings, you term them, in your concluding paragraph, 'good and grammatical.'

"I differ with you, and wish to know whether you support my difference. The President, in his unfortunate allusion to the neutrality of the wire, calls for a 'spontaneous' movement of the nations.

"Can there be such a thing, when the nations are forewarned by the President himself in his message; and is such an expression 'grammatical,' in that connection, as 'spontaneous?' Yours with respect,

"TOM COLLINS.

"Let me hear through your columns, as my natural modesty prevents my giving my address."

—Mr. TOM COLLINS has been already partly answered in the Lounger's reply to the inquiry of "A Subscriber" writing from Philadelphia. The President has certainly trifled with the Queen's English.

—"BEELZEBUB," Portland, Maine, would not be flattered to see his verses in print. The Lounger does not think they are poetry. What does "BEELZEBUB" suppose that these lines mean?

"But now thy reign is well-nigh o'er,
And soon thou'lt cease to be no more."

He says precisely what he doesn't mean.

—"INKLUM" communicates some charming album verses, among which are the following:

"Strangr when ore theas leaves you glance
Be cautious for fear you soil by chance
For this book is held most sacred by the owner
To her it was presented by her brother.

"The vacant pages and the lines
Are for her kind and generous friends
For thoes and all she's known from birth
Thear thoughts to place ere they turn to earth.

"Sophia thy step so light so neat thy form
On thoes pouty lips there rests the dews of morn
Oh that every plate I'd gaze upon
Would appear a figure like thine own."

—No, "JANET," Leniwood, Indiana, it is *not* poetry.

—"OTHO," from Louisville, asks, tenderly, "What can be did with Snooks?" who has been writing thus:

"—the blushing maiden, fresh from silent saunters along silver streamlets at twilight, and habituated to the dainty delicacies, the soft sighs, and hopeful musings engendered in the vine-clad arbor, and familiar as well with the lull of the linnet and the cuckoo as with the joint, sweet odor which, exiled from the rose, the jasmine, and the honey-suckle, sits enthroned on the moon-lit zephyr—when made to bear, I repeat, upon the blushing maiden habituate as insinuated, franticly she discloses the favored object of *her* dreams, the shadowy *ultima-thule* which limits elusive, the earthly Eden of her heart's desire," etc., etc.

"Otho" thinks it is Transcendentalism. Very likely.

"DEAR LOUNGER,—In behalf of distressed, much-abused young females, I appeal to you (where never appeal was made in vain) for assistance. Conjure not before your mind's eye some strong-minded woman seeking for a—vote—but simply a young lady of nineteen, plain-looking, and rather unamiable temper, anxious for—respect—not for herself, but her sex generally. Why is it that a girl can not laugh and be happy in the presence of any young man but her brother, without being called a coquette? Here is my complaint. A supposed-to-be-sensible young gentleman said lately to me that he thought "coquetry to be part of a woman's nature." Now take up the cudgels for me, dear advocate, and thus secure my everlasting friendship. KATE."

—It must be that young men are so jealous of the smiles of pretty girls that, when any one of them sees another basking in that sweet sunshine, he blights his joy by starting a rumor which he knows will compel the self-respecting girl to smile upon that youth no more. Does "Kate" think the "lords of creation" in civilized society are less Sultans and Turks because their breeches are less baggy, and because they wear hats instead of turbans?

FACT, FANCY, AND FUN.

BY A SOUTHERN LAWYER.

PHILL THURMOND'S RESURRECTION.

THE lowest judicial tribunal in Georgia is the Justice's Court. Limited in its jurisdiction to sums under thirty dollars, it is enacted that parties litigant have the right to establish their demands and offsets by their own oaths.

The policy of this infringement of the rules of evidence is very questionable, as it gives the dishonest and unscrupulous a decided advantage over the upright and conscientious in settling those minor controversies constantly growing out of the transactions of men.

About forty-five or fifty years ago there lived in the middle part of Georgia an individual who was famous for availing himself of the aforesaid statutory provision.

No man could have been fonder of small lawsuits than John Ramsey. A little experience in early life had prejudiced him greatly against the higher courts (where he found the consciences of witnesses not so pliant as his own); so much so, that he determined so to deal and be dealt by that all disputes with his neighbors and the world generally should, to use his own expression, be "connisant" in the Justice's Court. There he could proceed without the expense of counsel, and be always provided with legal evidence.

John became so eminently successful in his own cases that he regularly attended "Jo Durham's" Court of 656, District of Maliha, Georgia, and carried on there a kind of steam law practice to some profit. It was curious to witness his prosecution and defense of suits. If he could not convince Judge Durham by quotations from Clayton's "Georgia Justice," "Prince's Digest," or the 7th volume of "Espinassy" (which latter authority he always left at home), he would deliberately take a swear at the case himself, and, as the marksmen say, "knock out the black." He became quite a terror to the young limbs of the law whose fate brought them in contact with him—so much so, that they would rather have met as opposing counsel Chief-Justice Marshall, then in his judicial prime.

John was always on the look-out for a lawsuit for himself or some one else. It was an invariable practice of his, when one of his neighbors died, to exhibit to the executor or administrator of the estate an account just under thirty dollars, and demand payment; upon the refusal of which, suit was brought as soon as the law permitted, and the money recovered as sure as the Court was holden.

Thus lived John, successfully squabbling with the living and robbing the dead, until Phill Thurmond, about the time of which we write, moved into his neighborhood, and settled within half a mile of him. No man, woman, or child ever lived in that part of the State without personally knowing or hearing of Phill. His facetiousness and love of fun were proverbial. And although he has long since been gathered to his fathers, and there has been no biography of him, yet he still lives in the legendary stories of the county in which he resided to all intents and purposes as if a Washington Irving had chronicled his deeds.

One unacquainted with Phill would, on first sight, mistake him for a plain, homespun-clad clergyman. At the date of the occurrence to which we are about to allude, he was fifty years of age, though his appearance would not indicate more than thirty-five. He was of common size, with a slight disposition to corpulency, exhibiting a remarkably clear, light complexion, with small blue eyes. His countenance, upon the whole, was prepossessing, and would have been strikingly so but for its very serious and almost solemn cast of expression. He seldom smiled, and when he did it was with a motive. It was his invariable practice, whenever he left home, to drink freely, which had no other effect on his intellect or countenance than to sharpen the former and render more serious, if possible, the aspect of the latter. It was really amusing, as well as curious, to witness the consummation of one of his plans or tricks. When the strangest and most ludicrous events (brought about altogether by his contrivance) would occur, and every one present was convulsed with irrepressible laughter—except the object of his attack, who would be boiling with rage or overwhelmed with confusion—there would sit Phill with a countenance that would have lent additional gloom to a funeral procession.

Although he was well known and dreaded by a certain class of the community, yet he was always welcome wherever he went. He had an unconquerable dislike to dandies, loafers, idlers, and persons of suspicious character. It was from among these he selected his victims. So deep, well-laid, and mysterious were his plans, the individual he doomed to public ridicule could never suspect them until escape was impossible.

Phill studied well the character of Ramsey, weighed it in the balances, and found it wanting. He laid his plans to drive him from the county, which succeeded admirably, as we shall soon see. He became exceedingly friendly and intimate with him; made Ramsey his friend as firmly as it was possible for the latter to be. While this neighborly feeling was at the highest, Phill, just at the close of a long spree he had taken at the court-house—where Ramsey knew he had been, and from whence had made several unsuccessful efforts to take him—pretended to die one night, after intimating to his family what he intended, and instructing them in their performance of the solemn farce. Accordingly, a shroud was made, and Phill laid out in real funeral style. He, however, carried into his shroud a good hickory cane with him. One of the negroes was dispatched in great haste to inform Ramsey of the mournful event, and request his immediate attendance. Notwithstanding John's many faults, he was a kind neighbor, and particularly so to Phill's family. Over he came, as soon as he possibly could, at the hour of

RESURRECTION OF THE CORPSE.

midnight. With tears streaming down his cheeks, he entered the apartment where lay the corpse of his friend, beside which sat the disconsolate widow with her face buried in her kerchief to conceal her emotions.

"How are you, Mrs. Thurmond?" sobbed John.

All she could do was to conceal her face more completely, and extend to him her hand—which act and silence John mistook for unaffected grief.

"Poor fellow!" said John; "how suddenly he left me! How slender is the brickly thread of life! 'In the midst of life we are in death,' the good Book says. Let me see once more, for the last time, the face of my best friend!"

Mrs. Thurmond removed the folds of the shroud, when John gazed through his crocodile tears upon Phill's face. Had he not been attempting to sorrow too much on the occasion, he must have seen that the features before him belonged to any other than a dead man. Phill performed his part, with the aid of a white napkin around his jaws, as well as a man of his appearance could possibly have done; his features were as immovable as if they had been carved in marble.

"Oh! oh!" cried John, as if the sight before him gave a new impetus to his grief, "how I shall miss him as a friend! how we shall miss him! He was a friend to every body, and the worst enemy to himself! He owed me just twenty-nine dollars eighty-seven and a half cents; but—"

"That's a lie, Ramsey!" said the corpse; and at that moment the only candle in the room was extinguished.

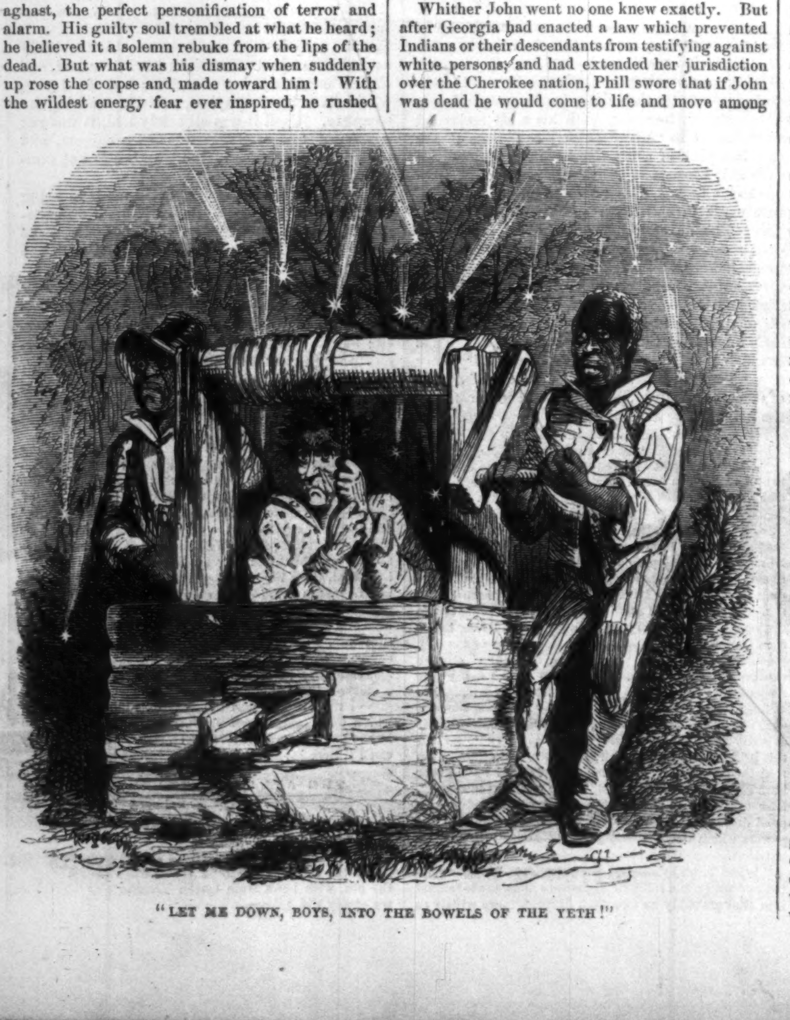
Mrs. Thurmond shrieked; John stood back aghast, the perfect personification of terror and alarm. His guilty soul trembled at what he heard; he believed it a solemn rebuke from the lips of the dead. But what was his dismay when suddenly up rose the corpse and made toward him! With the wildest energy fear ever inspired, he rushed out of doors and ran for home; but out rushed the corpse after him! The race down Thurmond's lane was run without any jockeying on John's side; for if he had any thoughts on the subject at all, he considered it his last race. About half-way the lane (and it nearly extended to Ramsey's house) John received a blow of no ordinary violence on his naked head—for in his hurry he had left his hat—and then a fourth, fifth, sixth, and divers smaller ones. Either of the six blows first received would have felled John but for his supernatural efforts. Near his own house Phill left him, and, while waiting to get a little breath, heard John rush violently against the door, breaking it open and falling midway the room, to the consternation and surprise of his family.

What account John gave of the night's adventure to his wife and children was never known, as they observed a dogged silence on the subject, and soon after left the neighborhood.

Some few days after the resurrection the parties met. Phill, with the most serious countenance the human face ever assumed, expressed himself to be under lasting obligations to John; for that in fact and in truth he was dead, but John's attempt to swindle his widow had brought him to life; and that he had always said that such rascality would make him "bile" even out of his grave.

John, on the other hand, declared most solemnly that it was a deliberate attempt on his life; that it was Phill's intention to kill him with fear or the stick, or both; and that if such things were only "connisant" in Squire Jo Durham's Court, he would make him smoke for it.

Whither John went no one knew exactly. But after Georgia had enacted a law which prevented Indians or their descendants from testifying against white persons, and had extended her jurisdiction over the Cherokee nation, Phill swore that if John was dead he would come to life and move among the Indians, as he would have such a fine chance in the Justices' Courts there.



"LET ME DOWN, BOYS, INTO THE BOWELS OF THE YETH!"

JIM FRANKLIN AND THE "FALLING STARS."

THE meteoric shower that fell on the night of the 13th November, 1833, exhibited a scene long to be remembered by all who witnessed it. To the enlightened and well-informed it was grand, awful, sublime; but to the ignorant and superstitious, overwhelming and terrific.

Such a countless number of meteors never fell from the empyrean in so short a space of time before or since, the theories of Humboldt and Captain Twining to the contrary notwithstanding.

A few weeks after this grand display of fireworks Jim Franklin, or "Uncle Jim," as he was most generally called, was seen hobbling about on crutches, his lower extremities covered with a superabundance of red flannel. Jim's early educational advantages had been very limited. His learning from books and schools was contracted to the acquisitions of a few months, by a mind not at all inclined to study. But he had prospered in the world, and by raising cotton in the flatwoods of Elbert, where he lived, had accumulated a snug fortune. He was a general favorite in his neighborhood, and but for a slight habit of indulging sometimes too much in the "ardent," might be termed an unlearned, shrewd, exemplary man.

Jim was sitting with a number of gentlemen in the Petersburg Inn, his feet nicely adjusted in another chair, with his crutches across his lap, when some one inquired why he was working himself in shafts? Whereupon he explained: "You see we had at our house, the other night, a small sprinkle of what we honestly tuck to be the 'day of judgment!' It turned out we were slightly mistaken; but I assure you, if I'm any judge of small matters, it was a right good counterfeit of that great day, when they say there is to be a general smash-up. Many a one of us, for a while, thought it was the genewine coin, and, as the masons would say, 'conducted ourselves accordingly.' I tuck the wrong shute at the start. Now they say, 'Man purposes, and God exposes;' this may or may not be good Scriptur; at the latter end of my sperience I would call it good sense.

"I was suddenly wakened outin a sound sleep, not by Gabriel's horn, but a noise mighty nigh as loud, if not hearn so fur; wife, children, and niggers were screaming and hollerin' 'the day of judgment was come, the stars wur all falling, the world was burning up!' I sprung up, looked at the heavens; never seed sich procedencies thar before! Thar being no mountains and rocks convenient to call on to hide me, I tuck a bee-line with average ingine speed for the well, which I would say is nainety-two feet deep in the clear. It's the deepest hole in the ground I knowed any thing about. When I got thar I found Bob and Sam, two of my nigger boys, on a quondary which of the two elements to chuse. Bob, a bright molatter, was for water; Sam, an onmixed African, was for turning Sallymandy, and facin' the music. Says I, 'Boys, clear the track, and take hold of that windlass, and let me down into the bowels of the yeth as soon as the natur of the case will admit of; the outside is getting unwholesome, sure!' Then, without hat, coat, vest, pants, stockings, or shoes, I got in the bucket and started; they hadn't turned the windlass twice round when I hollered to 'em to slip the britching and let me slide. No sooner said than done, when I whirled, cur-slosh, nigh onto three foot in the water. No man could have made the trip sooner, ceptin' he had fallen in, and he'd had to tuck a far start at that!

"About the time the water settled round me, and I was kivered all but my head, I felt fire-proof, and calculated they'd have to burn low to git me! Now they say a man in a deep well, in the day time, can see stars. I allow them is fixed stars. The ones I saw from that well that night was travelers, cartain! Besides, if there was any fixed stars that night I never seed 'em. Some said they watched the morning star, and as long as that stuck they had hope.

"I made the boys draw me up several times, to see how things war coming on; but when one of them big blazing meturs would dart toward me, I would whurl down to the length of my cable. I soon foun' I had gone beyant what was comfortable; I got tired of playing bull-frog, left the water, and felt like taking the fire, no matter in what quantity, or whar from! I'll just say, right here, if any man should have hydrofoby agin fire, and will put himself through my pirformances in that well, and ain't cured, his disease is too deep for hydropathy. I put on dry clothes, tuck a stew of whisky and red pepper, but too late—the rumatics had me! So, in bracing agin fire I got busted on water!

"I wa'n't the only man excited on that occasion by a long jump. My neighbor, Sam Stuart, cum over next morning, and axed me how we stood the racket? He looked solemn as a preacher; said his dwelling had never been a house of prayer before, but if they didn't make up for lost time he was no judge o' 'ligous exercises. He said he and his crowd prayed nigh onto four hours; they hearn the clock strike three times while they were on their knees. He said, the fact was, they exhausted the argument, and he got up, and hadn't another word to say if the day of judgment had cum. And I'm thinking I'd cum out better if I'd relied on faith and prayer instead of sich works as I did!"

In this opinion the company concurred, and laughed long and loud at his narrative. When the noise of their mirth had ceased, some one remarked to Jim if he had been as smart and philosophical as one of his ancestors, Benjamin Franklin, he would not have been at all alarmed, and could have explained it. "I have hearn of him before," said Jim: "he war the fellow could go out, when dangersome clouds were surging by, pull lightning out 'em, sample it, bless you! and carry the keenest home, and put it 'way in bottles to speriment with. But he done this in the broad day time, when he were wide awake, which a man should be

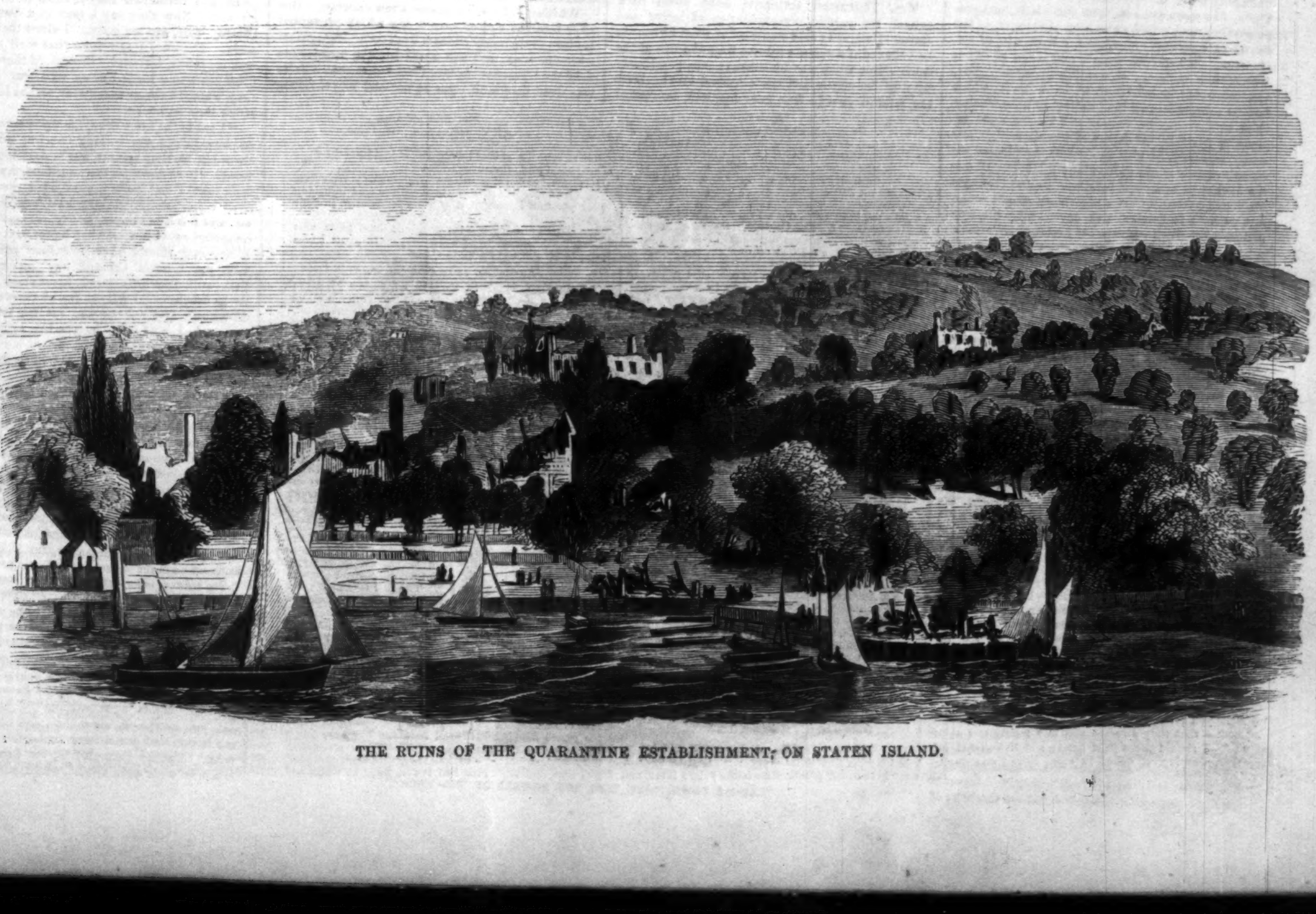
ATTACK ON THE QUARANTINE ESTABLISHMENT, ON SEPTEMBER 1, 1858.

when he handles that article. But wake him up at midnight outen a deep sleep, make the racket around him which were turned loose about me, and let him see all them stars a-falling. If he will set to ciphering out causes, and forget consequences, he is no kin to me! Now there is Franklin, and Solomon, and the other apostles the Scripturs speak of, war smart in their day; but they would be nowhar with our people and thar fixens! I was at Agusta t'other day, and seed a railroad-ingine and train come a dashing in. Suppose old man Solomon had seen the like of that come snorting, tearing, thundering by him, what do you think would be his purformances? The way he'd run into his timple, and slam to the door, lay low, and say nothing, would be a caution to his big family. Now Franklin, he mout give it thunder, as he dealt in the article; but Solomon, not having the wharwith, would make himself scase. The old gentleman nuver thought of sich things. Now John, on Patterson's Island, dreamed of sich, or something like unto them. If Solomon's dreams had tuck that direction, it would have turned his *proverbs* into *revelations*, and might have confused the Scripturs." Some gentleman here asked Jim where Patterson's Island was? "It's none of my lookout. I kalcullate it's a fine place for dreaming; whether good for cotton, I don't know; but I would advise its owners to keep it hid out, lest the Anglo-Saxon specie mout take a liking to it, and claim it, in working up to their clear and manifest destiny!"

Here a voice from without informed Jim his buggy was ready; when, by the aid of his shafts, he worked himself out of the room, amidst the hearty cheers and farewell of his friends.

THE BURNING OF THE QUARANTINE ON STATEN ISLAND.

About a year ago we gave in this paper a view of the then proposed fever hospital on Seguines' Point, Staten Island, which was burned down by the residents of the locality. We continue the pictorial history of the war between the Quarantine authorities and the people of the island by giving, herewith, a picture of the ruins of the hospitals at Castleton, which were burned on Wednesday and Thursday evenings, 1st and 2d inst.,



THE RUINS OF THE QUARANTINE ESTABLISHMENT, ON STATEN ISLAND.

and a sketch of the collision between the Staten Island firemen and the Hospital authorities, at the Hospital gate on Wednesday night.

The history of the catastrophe may be briefly told. For years the existence of a quarantine on Staten Island has been a grave injury to the city and to the island; breeding pestilence on the latter, from whence it spread to the former with greater or less intensity; and occasioning every year yellow fever panics which inflicted severe injury on the trade of the port. For some time past the residents of the island, to whom the removal of the Quarantine had come to be a matter of life and death, have threatened to take the law into their own hands. The commission appointed by the Governor to remove the hospital had done nothing. The islanders seem to have felt that the occasion was one on which they were justified in abating the nuisance themselves.

About nine o'clock on Wednesday evening a large party, disguised and armed, assailed the Hospital on two sides at the same time; one squad forced the gate, and the other scaled the wall on the outside. The alarm was given by ringing the bell, and by other means; but before any effective resistance could be offered, the rioters had removed the patients out of the buildings, carrying them bodily up in their mattresses, and depositing them upon the ground some one hundred yards from the wards. The remaining mattresses were then piled up, and the torch applied in the whole row simultaneously; being of light materials, they burned like a pile of shavings. The incendiaries next proceeded to the large building called the St. Nicholas, and set it on fire; another party at the same time went to Dr. Thompson's private residence, where his family are residing. The inmates were hurried out, and in another moment the house was in flames from floor to ceiling. The Small-pox Hospital, situated on the hill, next shared the same fate. A stevedore was shot through the head. The harbor police were sent to town for assistance, but they arrived at so late an hour, and were so much exhausted by the long pull, finding besides that no assistance could reach the place in season to save the buildings, that they determined not to return until daylight. On this occasion all the buildings were burned except the long white building nearest the shore and one or two sheds.

On Thursday evening the incendiaries resumed their work, and destroyed every remaining building within the Quarantine wall. No lives were lost. The scene now is as depicted above.

Our second picture represents the scaling of the wall of the establishment by the firemen and others, in the teeth of the opposition of the resident officials and stevedores. It was a stirring scene.

LITERARY.

A PARAGRAPH has been going the rounds of the papers stating that the Earl of Carlisle has turned his attention to theology in his old age, and published a volume on THE SECOND VISION OF DANIEL. The statement is true, and yet not true. The noble Earl's book is not so much theological as poetical, though it partakes of both characters, and has merits in both lines. The book is a metrical paraphrase of the dream of Daniel. It commences with a fine passage:

"In that still hour, when the declining sun
Gilded the towers of mighty Babylon,
While from Belshazzar's hall upon the breeze
Came fitful strains of festal harmonies,
Apart to Israel's God I watch'd, and wept,
Till peace came o'er my spirit, and I slept.
Rapt in the vision of my mystic dream,
I stood by clear Ulai's royal stream,
Where Susa's glitt'ring palaces record
Th' unnumber'd trophies of the Persian sword."

Various as have been the interpretations of the twenty-third verse of the eighth chapter, none seems more plausible, and certainly none is more finely given, than this of Lord Carlisle, who thus interprets the vision of the king of fierce countenance, who "shall destroy wonderfully," and "shall destroy the mighty and the holy people:"

"The lab'ring centuries in long career
Weave their dark web of wonder and of fear;
The days of Rome's long glories wax and wane,
The vex'd earth moans beneath her guilty reign:
E'en at that hour, in Mecca's rocky cell,
The Warrior-Prophet frames his wizard spell,
Cons the dark sentence, and the mystic lore,
Then bids the nations tremble, and adore.
O'er all the slumb'ring myriads burst afar
The flashes of the Moslem cimeter;
The turban'd hordes of Araby advance,
Urge the fleet barb, and hurl th' unerring lance.
'Mid Egypt's temples, and o'er Barca's sands,
Copt, Moor, and Goth uplift submissive hands:
On Xeres' bank, and Andalusia's plain,
Cowers all the recreant chivalry of Spain:
Wealth sits enthron'd 'mid Cordova's high towers,
And Science dwells in soft Granada's bowers."

From the office of the Springfield *Republican* come many good things, and none better than the LETTERS OF TIMOTHY TITCOMB TO YOUNG PEOPLE, which are collected in a handsome volume, and published by Scribner. We have heretofore seen and admired some of them. They are gentle, affectionate, frank, and winning. They come from the heart and go to the heart. Listen to the concluding portion of the letters to young men:

"I shall see you some time. We are none of us to live very long; but if we all act the manly part we were sent here to act, and are true to God and ourselves, we shall be gathered into a great kingdom, whose throne will be occupied by the founder of our religion. During some golden hour of that cloudless day, sitting or straying upon some heavenly hill, watching upon the far-stretching plains the tented hosts of God's redeemed, or marking the shadow of an angel's flight across the bright mirror of the River of Life, I shall say something about these letters to you. I shall look you in the face as I say it, to see if you are moved to an emotion of gratitude or of gratification; and if you should happen to tell me that they made you better—that they led you to a higher development—that they directed you to a manly and a godly life—I should press your hand; and if I should keep from weeping, it would be more than I can do now."

Mr. Titcomb can not fail to be loved by his readers. The gentleness which pervades this extract is characteristic of his entire correspondence. The reader wants to see him, to know him, and to grasp his hand.

HUMBLE CREATURES is the title of a volume (published by Van Voorst, London) devoted to the history and description of the earth-worm and the common fly, two of the most common and most frequently neglected inhabitants of the animal world. The learned authors have made a most interesting book, which illustrates, on every page, the wonders of animal organization; and we commend it to all who are interested in such subjects, as a valuable and suggestive treatise. So much attention has of late been directed to natural history, especially to the minuter forms of animal existence, as illustrated by the microscope, that such books possess new value, and open to us new worlds of instruction. The simple and intelligible style of the book is illustrated by this extract:

"The next time you go out on your morning or evening ramble, if you chance to see a worm in your path, do not kick it aside, nor step over it; but take it from the ground, and lay it on the palm of your hand; and as it tries to crawl away, you will experience a slight sensation of roughness on your skin. If you take a pocket lens, and examine carefully the under side of the worm's body, you will perceive several rows of fine sharp hooks, extending from one end to the other, each annulated division (for the worm's body is, as you doubtless know, composed of rings) being furnished with four pairs of these hooks, which are situated upon small protuberances on the creature's skin. These minute hooks cause the rough sensation alluded to; and that portion of the body on which they are placed corresponds to the abdomen of the higher animals, the hooks themselves being nothing more nor less than rudimentary feet to aid the worm in its progress. It has, perhaps, never occurred to you to inquire how it is, when you endeavor to draw a worm forth from the earth, that it can offer such resistance to your efforts as almost to necessitate your tearing it in two before you can extract it; and why, as soon as you relax your hold, it disappears with such rapidity under the soil. These hooks are the cause; they are retractile at the will of the animal, and operate so as not to impede its onward progress; but when a portion of its body is once extended, and has penetrated into the soil, they keep it firmly fixed, while the remaining part is drawn after it by muscular contraction. Now, is not this a simple but interesting feature in the anatomy of the worm, that should be known to every one?—yet how few, even of the best educated, are aware of its existence! How many anglers, do you think, are there who handle their poor victim as frequently as we do our pen, and are yet unacquainted with this fact?"

A tablet of polished Peterhead granite is about to be placed in the wall at the head of Hugh Miller's grave, in the Grange Cemetery, Edinburgh. It is without any elaborate ornamentation, and bears the simple inscription: "Hugh Miller, died 24th December, 1856, aged 54 years." The tablet is somewhat similar to that placed over the grave of Dr. Chalmers in the immediate neighborhood.

The all-accomplished Cardinal Wiseman has made his appearance as one of our dramatic authors. A piece from his pen, and entitled the "Hidden Gem," was performed with *éclat* on Wednesday, at St. Cuthbert's College, near Durham, where he was educated.

Mr. James's new appointment as Consul at Venice is said to be worth about $3500 a year. It is to be hoped he will find as much to do there as did our friend Mr. Mitchell. We believe one American vessel arrived during his consulate.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH.

No message has been transmitted through the Atlantic Telegraph since our last, except one to Cyrus Field from the Directors on the other side, stating that they were preparing to open the cable to the public. At the present rate of speed the telegraph could hardly be worked profitably. On Wednesday the success of the cable was celebrated by a grand public festival.

THE PRESS AND THE TELEGRAPH.

At the dinner given by the Common Council in honor of Mr. Field and the naval officers, Mr. J. Brooks of the *Express*, in reply to the toast of the Press, made a fine speech, from which the following is an extract:

"Three great events, Mr. President, link the Old World and the New. In 1492, the world was only Europe, Asia, and Africa; and what of that world was not on the shores of the Mediterranean, was about all in Castile and Aragon. Then Christopher Columbus left the little port of Palos in his caraval, a coasting craft of some ninety tons, and landing on San Salvador, under the banner of the cross, handed over all America to Ferdinand and Isabella. The wind—the lateen sail, did all this. In 1838, the little British steamer *Sirius*, Captain Roberts, as bold as Columbus, ventured from the highlands of Britain, and, in spite of the wind, anchored off our Battery, before a multitude as astounded as if, in these dog days, the bright dog-star Sirius had dropped from its constellation of Canis Major upon that Battery. Steam then conquered wind and ocean wave, and old Æolus was hushed up. But time had only been shortened, and there yet existed space. Then started the conception of Field—then Maury and Berryman mapped out the bottom of the sea—then the genius of Morse—then the generous capital of New York and London princely merchants—then the glorious story of the *Agamemnon*, the *Valorous*, the *Niagara*, the *Gorgon*—not

'Gorgon and chimera dire'

—and time and space were annihilated!

"Now who can see, or foresee, the result of all this? Cotton, which boasts of being 'king,' feels in this extended electricity new pledges of sovereignty. Rice is exultant. Tobacco even is not without joy. Gold, ever glittering, glitters yet more and yet wider in the sparkles of the wire. But I see, or I think I see, it is the Printer who is to win the day, and through him, the universal RESPUBLICA. The Electric Telegraph is but another way of printing. Its business is Letters. It lives on words, thoughts, ideas—and is a pure spirit, in nothing material. Through it, and by it, our American Thoughts, American Principles, American Precedents, are to flash daily into the dusky rooms of St. James's, the glittering halls of the Tuileries, the majestic grandeur of the Escurial, the Austrian Schoenbrun, and the Roman Vatican. The minarets of the mosques of Constantinople, and the towers of the Kremlin are to be lit up by them. No Horse Guards, no Corps Municipal, no fiery Hun, nor wild Cossack, no crack of Minnie Rifle, no crash of Shell or Bomb can fence off this spirit, imponderable, invisible. The Cæsar, the Czar, the Emperor, must use it as they use the air all breathe. Hence then comes a mighty conflict of antagonistic Principles, an Equalization of Thought—the Fraternity of Mankind. Something is to topple over—but whose that *something* is, no Cassandra at a dinner table like this must predict."

THE YELLOW FEVER AT NEW ORLEANS.

A letter from New Orleans says: "The chief topic of interest here at the present time is the yellow fever, and the business connected with it is the most active. Doctors, grave-diggers, and undertakers are reaping a rich harvest.

"The business-like manner in which they perform their gloomy duties would shock the more delicate sensibilities of those unaccustomed to such scenes. To the credit of our physicians generally, however, be it said, that their attendance upon the sick is marked by the utmost kindness and consideration. It is only among themselves, or outside the sick chamber, that their indifference is manifested. It is only within the last week or two that the M.D.'s have had what they call a 'good run' of fever patients. At first the disease was confined to the lower part of the city—the Third District and the shipping, the patients classing 'low to low middling.' Now, however, it has spread all over the best part of the city, among the 'higher grades,' and begins to pay well.

"The doctor's fee for a yellow fever case is one hundred dollars, more or less, kill or cure. Persons are down with it from five to seven days. If taken in season, the doctor's attention is not required after the fourth day. One, two, and three thousand dollars a week is no uncommon amount of fees for a good yellow-fever physician. Such a physician will cure nine out of ten of his patients, too, and the cured patient pays his hundred dollars joyfully, for he now considers himself safe here, except from the ordinary casualties of life—safe to accumulate his fortune and move North; for comparatively few think of remaining here after having made their fortune, while so many pleasanter and more healthy locations may be selected."

THE AFRICANS AT CHARLESTON.

The editor of the Charleston *Mercury* has been on board the captured slaver *Echo*, and thus describes what he saw: "Upon clambering up the side of the brig, a strange and startling sight presented itself—a deck covered with native Africans in a state of complete nudity, with rare instances of a narrow strip of rag an inch wide around the waist. These people were seated, for the most part, with their legs stretched out flat or drawn up in front or doubled up; some squatted on their feet and hands. A few were standing about, and a few lying down; none were tied or fastened in any way. The majority were very young, apparently from eight to sixteen years of age, some younger and some older; scarcely one, however, over twenty-five. Some of them were able-bodied, good-sized, and in good case; but the greater part were half-grown children, only weak and worn. Many were much emaciated, and showed plainly the effects of their long and crowded passage in a confined ship. A few were evidently ill and soon to die. All were pure black in color, except the dropsical, whose skins were tawny from disease. Their hair is very short and crisp. Those who were well appeared curious and pleased, some of them ogling and giggling and chattering, and others smoking tobacco out of short clay pipes with cane stems, just as our own negroes do. Those that were thin and sick looked dull and brutish, but there was nothing wild or ferocious in their aspect. They looked amiable and docile, and readily obeyed the commands of the persons who had charge of them. They are great thieves, however, and appropriate whatever they can on every occasion. There were two hundred and forty-six males and sixty females, who were kept separate on deck and in the holds. The men and boys were kept on the forward deck and in the forward hold, which latter is fifty-five feet long, nineteen feet wide in the broadest part, and narrow at the head, and forty-four inches high, the floor being formed of loose boards, movable at pleasure. The hold for the women and girls is behind this. It is of the same height, twelve feet long and nineteen feet wide. Under this temporary flooring is stored the provisions, consisting of rice, peas, and the water to drink. Their food is boiled like "hoppinjohn," put in buckets twice a day, at ten and four o'clock, and placed in the midst of circles of eight or ten each, and well guarded, to prevent the strong negroes from taking more than their share, although they are liberally allowed. A pint of water is given to each morning and evening. Most of them sleep on deck, being placed in close order, spoon-fashion, on their sides, and not permitted to turn or move during the night. At daylight they are dashed with buckets of water to wash them off. They sing songs, clapping their hands and rocking their bodies in time, and these songs have a great resemblance to some of our negro spirituals. Several of the negro fellows exercise authority very much after the manner of our drivers, with airs of authority and ridiculous gesticulations and grimaces. Others were cooking the 'big pots' like good fellows, and with old breeches on too, obtained from the sailors. The captain of the hold understands their lingo, and says they are very averse to going back to Africa, as the United States law requires. Our coast resembles that they came from, and the group of pines opposite the city on the south looks to them like cocoa-nut trees of their native Africa."

DEATH OF REV. ELEAZER WILLIAMS.

"The Dauphin," *alias* Rev. Eleazer Williams, is dead—gone to the spirit land, where that mystery in regard to his parentage is made plain. He died at eight o'clock A.M. on the 8th inst., after a protracted illness. His disease was complex, but the chief was dropsy.

During the services at the grave no Indians approached; but, after others retired, about half a dozen squaws came up, looked into the grave, and turned away. No "warrior" paid the least attention to what was transpiring, nor did a squaw manifest the slightest emotion. Why was all this? Had the departed one ceased to be recognized as a "red man?" Was he considered "a pale face" by blood as well as by habit? Had he given mortal offense in matters of religion or civil polity? Or was it simply an exhibit of that stoicism characteristic of their most savage constitution? Let those who can answer.

There is no doubt that he suffered at last from the want of attention and other necessaries.

His habits at home would seem to have been reclusive.

The land and house where he lived are said to belong to a Protestant Episcopal Missionary Association in your city.

Intelligent and trustworthy people in those parts, who have known him long and intimately, with great unanimity believe in the Dauphin claim.

ANOTHER SEDUCER SHOT.

A letter from Fincastle, Virginia, of August 27, says: "Yesterday Mr. H. M. Bowyer, of this vicinity, walked into the Fincastle Farmers' Bank, and shot its president, Mr. James M'Dowell, Sen., inflicting three wounds, two of which are thought to be serious, and may prove fatal. After the shooting Mr. Bowyer walked across the street and calmly surrendered himself and pistol into the custody of a peace officer, who, it is said, permitted him to depart to his home in the custody and keeping of Captain C. Breckenridge. Mr. Bowyer remarked that he would be ready to return whenever called for. But little excitement prevails. The thing seems to be talked of as a matter looked for by many.

"Mr. Bowyer is, in all respects, one of our very best citizens—remarkably gentle, and courteous in his intercourse with his neighbors, and peaceful in all his counsels. These known traits of character in Mr. Bowyer invest the occurrence with an interest entirely different from ordinary shooting affairs."

THE GRAND FETE AT NEWPORT.

A correspondent of the *Post*, writing on 1st September, thus describes the *fête*: "The most magnificent entertainment ever given in Newport—always excepting Mr. Wetmore's *fête champêtre* of last summer—took place at the Ocean House last evening. The ball terminates the festivities for the season at this most attractive of American watering-places. I give its principal features. The first approach to the Ocean House as you arrive in your carriage presented a grand illumination—the piazzas all inclosed in canvas—cavalry from the fort acting as police—a gaping crowd of natives, no Brown—but one endless scene of arrival. You enter from the northern large door-way, and are soon in the long and spacious main hall. This is draped in pink and white muslin, festooned in various ways with greens, and lit by a multitude of wax tapers. Passing from this, you emerge into the grand dancing hall—and here you naturally pause before entering. The effect is perfect—like a scene of fairy-land, according to the most approved style of school-girl imagination. This hall is also hung in white and pink, but the flowers and mirrors are profuse. The chandeliers are loaded with choice flowers and candles. Beautiful decorations of various devices adorn the walls, and above all that mellow, calm, and *recherché* glow steals over the face as you enter, so highly favorable to the fair sex, and calculated to settle all differences between dress and complexion. By ten o'clock the rooms were literally crowded, and the sweet music of the Germanias soon brought to the floor the nimble-footed. While that delicious "Abby Polka" is being played, let us look around and see who in this vast assemblage merits recording either for beauty, style, dress, or ornaments.

THE LADIES.

"One of the most beautiful women here is a lady from New York, dressed in a plain pink moiré antique silk, with no jewels, no ribbons or flowers, hair closely cut and slightly curled, fine figure, dark eyes, bewitching expression, and yet retiring demeanor; she is really the centre of attraction, although not seen amidst the throng of gay dancers. Mrs. D——n, from Natchez, next claims attention. Very stately and fair, though careworn; and her young and fair sister. New York was represented by Mrs. C——k, Mrs. M——h, Mrs. B——y, Miss S——t, Miss W——p, Miss L——ge, and others equally as well known, and ornaments to society.

"From Philadelphia I noticed Mrs. F——it, Miss R——n, Miss B——d, and more whose names escape me now. Boston, Baltimore, and New Orleans were well represented, too, in this array of feminine loveliness. Decidedly Miss R——a, from Savannah, must receive the palm for graceful dancing. The display of diamonds was not so profuse as I expected, but there was more simplicity in toilet than is usually seen, and the general effect was, of course, more attractive to the eye. In color, purple and lilac seem to have the sway at present."

WHAT CIGARS ARE MADE OF.

The New York correspondent of the Scoharie *Republican*, who, it may be presumed, is domiciled in the neighborhood of the Custom-house, gives the following revelation of the component materials of "real Havanas." We copy it for the benefit of those who inhale, or suppose they inhale, the fragrant weed. It shows the doubt which hangs over, not only what we drink, but also what we smoke:

"Talking of cigars, I was told, by a government appraiser, a few days since, the following *true* story in connection with the cigar trade of this city: A large German importing house had received an invoice of foreign cigars, which were appraised, by the custom officers, at three dollars per thousand. The importers were dissatisfied, and asked for a reappraisement, which was granted; and, under the most positive evidence, supported by the oath of the dealers, the cigars were admitted at a valuation of $1 50 per thousand. Now, the evidence alluded to was this—that not a particle of tobacco entered into the composition of said cigars; but that they were wholly composed of oak and other leaves, soaked in a strong tobacco lye. I understand that large quantities of these 'real Havanas' find their way into the interior; and, from some experience I have had in that line, I am inclined to believe that a few specimens might be found even among the primitive society of 'Old Scoharie.'"

A SAD AFFAIR.

We learn from the Troy *Whig* that a shocking occurrence took place a few days since at Sandy Hill, Washington County, causing the death of a very estimable lady who formerly resided in this city, where she had many warm friends. A niece of the deceased, a young lady, had been forbidden by her father to speak to a young man residing in the village, or be seen in his company. Disregarding these commands, the young lady, on the evening of the occurrence, took a walk with him, and was met by the indignant father in front of his residence. Angry words ensued, when the young man drew a dirk, although without any intention, as it seemed, to use it. The aunt of the young lady, who witnessed the fracas, was terribly frightened, and was seized with violent, spasmodic coughing, which continued for nearly an hour, defying all remedies that were employed. Her struggles at last grew feeble, until suddenly she fell back in her chair *dead*, having no doubt ruptured a blood vessel. The affair has created great excitement in the locality where it transpired.

WEDDING AT A PICNIC.

An amusing and romantic event occurred at a German picnic in Westfield, a few days ago. A cigar-maker, says the *Republican*, had long sought the hand of one of the daughters of Westfield, but met with continuous disappointment. It happened that both were at the picnic, and, amidst the other pleasures, some one suggested, in sport, that "we have a wedding." The lady unsuspectingly turned to her oft-discarded lover with a jocose invitation to join hands, and a magistrate, who also fills the office of town-clerk, performed his duty less in fun than the bride had imagined, as was apparent when the husband came with a properly made out certificate to claim her hand. It is said that there was a brief exhibition of tears, a very modest lingering between maiden and wife, and then a hearty acceptance of the hand that had been so gallantly but unceremoniously won. The bridal pair entertained their friends that night with Champagne and good things, and there was a bridal tour over into the West Parish next day.

PERSONAL.

The Philadelphia *Press* says: "The *Canada* mails bring tidings that Ex-President Pierce was, on the 8th inst., with Mrs. Pierce, at Hotel Bryon, in Switzerland, preparing to leave for Northern Italy. The health of Mrs. Pierce, we are sorry to perceive, does not appear to have been substantially improved."

The President has offered, it is said, the Spanish mission to Mr. J. P. Benjamin, United States Senator for Louisiana. Mr. Benjamin is now in the South, and it is not known if he will accept it.

A letter in the *Observer*, written from Westchester, says: "I regret to say that the venerable William Jay is now in very delicate health, and is probably not far from the confines of life. He has, however, reached a good old age, in the home and estate of his illustrious father, John Jay."

The St. Joseph *Journal* of August 26 says that Governor Stewart of Missouri was whipped by a German doctor named Erdman, at that place, on the Tuesday evening previous to that date. The Governor received a black eye. The *Journal* says:

"There can be no doubt about this fight, and we understand the Governor acknowledged it himself, but says the doctor commenced it. The doctor has told us all about it, and says it was on account of the Governor's insolence, and that his Excellency commenced it first. We understand the Governor was not at all in a fighting 'condition,' and the doctor is free to acknowledge that he was not altogether himself. But enough; the doctor says he whipped the Governor, and so say eye-witnesses, and we don't think it would be expedient to dispute, at least, the doctor's word."

Lord Napier returned to Washington on Saturday. He dined on Friday evening with Cyrus W. Field, in company with Captain Dayman, of H. B. Majesty's steamer *Gorgon*, and such other British officers to the telegraphic fleet as were in the city, together with several select friends of Mr. Field. The dinner was quite private.

William C. Bryant and family were among the passengers who arrived in the *Africa*.

The *South Carolinian* says: "We venture to publish the following extract from a letter recently received, dated Paris, August 5, and written to a friend in this city. The writer is, of course, well known in Columbia, and the names mentioned in the letter are too familiarly known over the State, socially and otherwise, for us to be charged with indelicacy in giving them in full.

"'The statements in the American papers in relation to the duel between Ransom Calhoun and young Brevoort were so vague and unsatisfactory that I have been induced, since my arrival in Paris, to make some particular inquiries concerning the whole affair. Mr. Alan Izard, Mr. Robert Pringle, and Judge Mason, speak in the highest terms of Calhoun's conduct and bearing. I have also spoken with Colonel Pickens, Governor Aiken, and others, who seem greatly gratified, that, in a case of extreme

delicacy and difficulty, Mr. Calhoun has borne himself with the manliness becoming his name and State, and the discretion demanded by his position. The immediate case was this: for harsh words spoken, Brevoort struck Calhoun. Calhoun challenged. Brevoort fired after time. Calhoun's second, of course, instantly and peremptorily declined further proceedings. Subsequently, however, the seconds chose to submit the matter to a board of honor. This board decreed that "Mr. Brevoort fired after the expiration of the time agreed on, and therefore the duel was properly stopped." The force and effect of such a decree is fully understood in our latitude. The second who would permit another meeting, under these circumstances, would, with us, be deemed *particeps criminis* to an assassination,'" etc., etc.

In Kansas, two weeks ago, Miss Irene Baker, a girl of seventeen, married a man of seventy-five, from admiration of one of his political speeches. Thus is a common and an old saying verified—"Politics makes strange bedfellows."

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

PROGRESS OF THE CABLE.

THE *Times* contains the following letter from the Secretary of the Atlantic Telegraph Company:

"I have the pleasure to inform you that the line from Valentia to Newfoundland is now working satisfactorily both ways. The following message was dispatched yesterday evening from the directors in England to the directors in America:

"'Europe and America are united by telegraph. Glory to God in the highest, on earth peace, good-will toward men.'

"This message, including the addresses of senders and receivers, occupied thirty-five minutes in transmission, and consisted of thirty-one words. Immediately afterward a message from her Majesty the Queen to his Excellency the President of the United States, consisting of ninety-nine words, was received by Newfoundland in sixty-seven minutes. Both messages were repeated back to Valentia to test their accuracy, and were found to have been taken with great exactness. Of course, unless permission were given, the contents of her Majesty's dispatch can not be made public.

"This morning we have a message, the last thirty-eight words of which were received in twenty-two minutes, from Mr. Cyrus W. Field, who is at Newfoundland:

"It will thus be seen that the line is now capable of being worked with perfect accuracy, and the Company will now proceed as rapidly as is consistent with the establishment of a proper system to make the necessary arrangements for opening the communication to the public, in doing which, however, some delay must necessarily occur.—Yours truly,

"GEORGE SAWARD, *Secretary and Manager*.

"CHIEF OFFICE, 22 OLD BROAD STREET, *London*."

A SEA-GULL AND THE CABLE.

A very curious incident occurred when the paying out commenced in mid ocean. The splice had been made, and the cable was being lowered over the sterns of the vessels, when, a little before it touched the water, a sea-gull, fatigued, no doubt, after a long flight, perched on it, and his claws getting fast in the tar with which the cable was coated, he was unable to extricate them, so that he was dragged down under the water and drowned. He made desperate efforts to save himself, but to no purpose, as he stuck fast, and when he found himself going down his despairing screams sounded far across the waters. The strangeness of the occurrence, and the terrible agony of the poor bird, caused some sensation on board the vessels.

DEATH OF THE "LAST OF THE STEAKS."

The papers have lately chronicled the decease of Mr. H. F. Stephenson, Deputy Ranger of Hyde Park, and the *Illustrated News* has embalmed him, for the benefit of posterity, as the "last of the Steaks." Mr. Stephenson was, as this paper has truly observed, an illegitimate son of "Jockey of Norfolk," and was almost the sole wearer extant of Hessians. The reputed father of this contraband Howard deserves a few words of reminiscence. Penn, of Stoke Park, a strong Conservative, on hearing that the graceless Duke had left only a small sum to a very near connection (was this Mr. H. F. Stephenson?), made the following extempore epitaph on the Premier Duke at the challenge of the famous Lord King:

"What Norfolk has been you may learn from this placard;
He lived like a beast, and died like a blackguard."

The Duke, who was dismissed from the Lord-Lieutenancy of the West-Riding, in 1790, for toasting "the Sovereign Majesty of the People" at the Crown and Anchor Tavern, was a vulgar, dirty man, of the most eccentric and scandalous habits. It was said of this illustrious Whig by Dr. Richardson, that "he could swill wine like a Silenus, and gorge beef-steaks like a Buckhorse." "That portion of his existence which was not employed in political agitation and factious uproar was devoted to the debasing gratification of sensual appetites." Wraxhall says that he was so dirty that his servants availed themselves of his fits of drunkenness to *wash him!* When he complained of rheumatism to Dudley North, and declared he had tried every remedy for its relief, "Pray, my lord," said North, "*did you ever try a clean shirt?*" He always wore a plain blue coat of peculiar dye, which his confessor was said to have imposed upon him as a penance. Such was the first duke and the greatest Whig nobleman in England.

LORD BROUGHAM WITH A WHEEL-BARROW.

The Carlisle *Journal* thus describes the workmanlike style in which Lord Brougham went through his duties in cutting the first sod of the Eden Valley Railway a few days ago: "Lord Brougham received from the brawny navvy who stood beside him a neat spade, with which he cut the first sod, and threw it into a handsome mahogany barrow, which had been provided for the occasion. His lordship then, with a vigor as remarkable as it was characteristic, wheeled the barrow along some planks that had been laid for a distance of some ten or a dozen yards, emptied its contents, and then, in a truly navvy-like manner, turned his back, and pulled the barrow to the point whence he started. During the operation the most deafening cheers resounded from every part of the field. His lordship appeared to be much amused with his own performance."

FRANCE.

ROYAL ENDEARMENTS.

A correspondent writes: "I hear that the Emperor has not been so gay for many a day as since his interview with the Queen of England. His Majesty regards it justly not only as a triumph for his policy, which is more than ever an alliance with our country, but as a mark of personal friendship to him; and the personal friendship of the Sovereign of England is of inestimable value to the monarch of revolutionary France, especially when he is, as the Emperor called himself, a *parvenu*. As to the Empress, she, as I before told you, looks up to the Queen with mingled gratitude, respect, and affection; and her joy at seeing her Majesty again was consequently unbounded. Both the Emperor and Empress kissed the Queen on meeting and on taking leave. The Prince Consort, the Prince of Wales, and the Duke of Cambridge, on those occasions, kissed the hand of the Empress, and, with marked cordiality, grasped that of the Emperor."

THE EMPRESS ON BOARD SHIP.

The *Court Circular* says: "The fair Eugénie was fain to pause in the course of mounting the steps by which the dock was reached from the imperial barge; and her Majesty grew even paler than usual before she reached the top of the ladder, and was obliged to stop for a few seconds. The Duc de Malakoff, who followed close behind, was of signal service in securing the crinoline, which prevented the Empress's dress from being blown to the four quarters of the compass by the unmannerly wind abroad at that identical minute; and the awkward but gallant and good-natured efforts of the marshal-duke excited the greatest mirth among the members of the procession from the imperial barge, who, arrested in their upward progress by the serious position of the Empress, became witnesses of his great anxiety and its beneficial results. The two soldierly camp-kettle hands of the Marshal were taxed to the utmost by the rebellious spirit displayed by the crinoline, and their owner joined in the hearty laugh to which his unwonted perplexity gave rise. On descending, an accident of the same nature again arrested the vivacious movement with which the Empress—by this time perfectly recovered from her momentary indisposition—was regaining the barge. Her dress caught in one of the hooks of the ladder, and she remained suspended, as it were, until Madame de Lourmel came to her rescue. Both ladies gained much applause for the good-humor with which the accident was borne. All else went on pleasantly enough; and the oldest sailor on board could not but admire the courage and self-control of the Empress, who, evidently the very worst salt-water traveler in the world, managed most adroitly to conceal her uneasiness during the whole time she was an occupant of the state cabin of the *Bretagne*."

THE EMPRESS AT A BALL.

At the late grand ball at Brest the Emperor danced with the mayor's daughter, Mademoiselle Bezet, the Empress with the mayor himself; and Admiral Hamelin, Ministre de la Marine, was also in the set. The Empress's toilet was coiffure classique, nottes et bouches, diadem of diamonds, in the centre of which was the famous stone called le Regent; a necklace with three rows of large pearls, with a diamond clasp bracelet, diamonds and turquoise. Her dress was of blue tulle, studded with silver, with immense diamond brooches in front of the corsage.

THE IMPERIAL BABY PROMOTED TO BE A CORPORAL.

The Imperial Prince, who, it will be remembered, was enrolled in the 1st regiment of Grenadier Guards a few days after his birth, and who has ever since drawn the pay of a private soldier, has just been promoted to the rank of corporal. The following is the text of the order for his elevation:

"His Imperial Highness the Prince Imperial Napoleon Louis Eugène Jean Joseph, matriculated No. 3463, is appointed to be a corporal in the 1st battalion, 1st company, in which there is a vacancy by reason of the transfer of Corporal Prugnet to the 3d battalion of the 4th company. DE BRETTEVILLE, *Colonel*.

"VERSAILLES, *August* 14, 1858."

MISFORTUNES OF A NEWSPAPER CORRESPONDENT.

The *Morning Post* is well known to be a profound admirer of Napoleon III., a stout advocate of his system of government, and a zealous defender of the alliance between France and England. That journal, as in duty bound, dispatched a special reporter to France to chronicle the Cherbourg festivities and to describe the "Imperial progress in France." The reporter executed his task in a way very flattering to France and the French people—in fact, in a way which ought to have entitled him to the special thanks of the French, if not to a cross of the Legion of Honor. But he was destined to receive a cross of quite another character. When he reached Auray, on his way to L'Orient, he was arrested by the gendarme who examined his passport, and taken before the juge de paix, an "obstinate, self-opinionated, pig-headed old gentleman," who insisted that his second Christian name (which appears to be Bernard) was his surname, and therefore imagined that he was the famous Dr. Bernard recently tried in London. In vain did the special reporter produce documents proving himself to be the correspondent of the *Morning Post;* he was kept in durance vile for four hours, and then, as a special favor, permitted to pay twenty-five francs for a voiture to carry him to L'Orient, and sixteen francs for two gens d'armes to guard him. At the end of a journey of five hours, he was taken before the Procureur Imperiale, "a middle-aged, testy, saucy-looking personage," who would scarcely listen to any explanation, and who locked him up in prison. Even under these disheartening circumstances, however, the Anglo-French reporter was consoled by finding something creditable to the French authorities. He says: "And a prisoner for the night I did remain in the Maison d'Arrêt. Of my treatment there I make no complaint, for I was put into a clean, tidy room, and was served with every thing I required; so that I can say, from my experience both of the police jail at Auray and of the prison at L'Orient, that if all other places of incarceration resemble them, they reflect very great credit on the French authorities." For full twenty-four hours he was kept a close prisoner, was then discharged without any explanation or apology, and without the British Consul, who is a Frenchman, deigning to give him an audience. His passport was returned to him, but the police commissioner refused to visé it, so that he was brought to a stand-still. In this dilemma he sat down and addressed a letter to the Emperor himself, "hoping that it may be permitted to reach him."

DINNER TO PROFESSOR MORSE.

A grand dinner has been given at Paris to Professor Morse. A correspondent says: "Rev. Mr. Seeley, of the American Chapel, asked the blessing. The chair was occupied by Hon. Mr. Preston, of South Carolina, a near relative of the former distinguished Senator by that name. The American Minister, Hon. Judge Mason, was on his left, and Professor Morse on his right. Hon. Hamilton Fish was one of the Vice-Presidents, and Hon. Joseph M. Chandler, of Philadelphia, on his way to Naples, as Minister, was another. Colonel James B. Murray, Mr. Aspinwall, Mr. Thayer, Mr. Rooney, Mr. S. Morse, Mr. Teft, and others from New York, were present. But few Parisians joined in the festival. Among the Americans present, who have long resided in Paris but yet retain their love for home in their hearts, is Mr. Monroe, the banker; Dr. Evans, dentist to the royal family; and Mr. Dale, who has extensive business relations with New York and Philadelphia. Dr. Bigelow, formerly of Boston; Mr. Squiers, who was Minister to Nicaragua; and many others, who are men of position and influence at home, were present, but their names have been forgotten. Nearly four hours were wholly devoted to sentiments and speeches, and at the close so great was the interest, and so delighted were all present that the chairman had to propose an adjournment, as it was then midnight. To be invidious, I might speak of the remarks of Mr. Preston, introducing Professor Morse to his countrymen, touchingly beautiful and eloquent; J. M. Chandler, of Philadelphia, was cordially received, as he is always an attractive speaker. Our Minister, Mr. Mason, brought down vociferous cheers, and Hamilton Fish delighted his countrymen, and J. S. Thayer, of New York, was warmly cheered for his impromptu and beautiful remarks. The applause was earnest, and afterward most emphatic, exciting among the hundreds of Frenchmen in the gardens and cafés of the Palais Royal most intense astonishment. The whole festival was nobly sustained and highly honorable to our countrymen. It was conceded on all hands, however, that had it been any other gathering but Americans they would have at once been silenced, if not dispersed by the police. Frenchmen are compelled to be very quiet at all their social gatherings, and but few of any sort are permitted."

MR. BRISTED FIGHTS A DUEL.

He adds: "For some time reports have been in circulation in regard to a duel growing out of the De Pène affair, between Mr. Charles Astor Bristed, of New York, and the Marquis de Galifet, which were so absurd, that I did not dare before now to speak of the affair. I believe that to-day I can give you the facts. You will recollect that soon after the De Pène duels with the officers of the army, two members of the Jockey Club, well-known men in fashionable society here, the Marquis de Galifet and the Marquis de Pommereaux, quarreled on the subject of the De Pène duels, and that a challenge passed; but the fight did not take place, it is said, on account of an order from the Minister of War—M. de Galifet being a Lieutenant in the Guard. On this subject, and in relation to the De Pène duels, Mr. Bristed made some observations in his correspondence to the New York *Spirit of the Times*, which was deemed by some friend of M. de Galifet, who saw the article, an insult to his honor. This friend carried the journal to the Marquis, and the latter agreeing with his friend that an apology was required from Mr. Bristed, he hastened off to Baden Baden, where Mr. Bristed is spending the summer, and demanded a retraction of the injurious expressions. Mr. Bristed refused, and was challenged by the Marquis. Pistols were selected, but no dueling pistols could be found at Baden Baden, and they fought with rifle-barrel pistols. The distance was twenty-five paces, with privilege to advance to fifteen. Only one exchange of shots took place, when the seconds interfered, and the affair was amicably arranged, but upon what terms I did not learn. Major Yates, of the British Army, and Mr. Munson, of New York, were Mr. Bristed's seconds."

A WARNING TO YOUNG FRENCHMEN.

The correspondent of the *Times* says: "Six years ago a young Frenchman, by the name of Michel, whose time had arrived for drawing in the conscription, and had been notified to that effect, emigrated to the United States with his father and family, and, immediately declaring his intentions there of becoming a citizen, was, at the end of five years, naturalized. With his naturalization papers and an American passport in his pocket, he returned a few months ago to France, and to his native village, and was at once seized and condemned to a year's imprisonment for his contempt of the law in escaping, and will be forced to draw in the conscription at the end of his confinement. He appealed to the American Minister, but the principle has been conceded, and the precedent established, by some unfortunate American Secretary of State, that no man can renounce his allegiance to his native State till he has first paid the debt of military duty he owes her; and on this absurd principle young Michel can obtain no relief. The moral of the story is, when you have once got to a land of liberty, you should stay there."

WHAT THE REVULSION COST PARIS.

The Paris correspondent of *The Boston Traveler* sends the following: "We have the official returns of the Paris Court of Bankruptcy during the crisis. The number of failures from the 1st of July, 1857, to the 30th of June, 1858, was 1016; there were but 760 during the same period, 1856–'57. The total amount divided among the creditors in 1857–'58 was 4,083,803 francs, and 5,657,442 francs are in hand undivided; whereas only 2,725,704 was divided in 1856–'57. The dividends, however, are larger for 1857–'58 than for the preceding year, since a great deal of the debts was commercial paper, then valueless, which has since been paid; whereas the debts of 1856–'57 arose from losses on grain, and were irrevocable. It is said the French loss by returned bills does not exceed 7,000,000 francs during the last crisis."

A NEW WAY OF RAISING THE WIND.

The following novel manner of "raising the wind" has just been brought to light at Rouen. A man and his wife opened a shop some months ago in that town, and speedily communicated to their neighbors that they possessed an aunt who, after having passed a disreputable existence in Paris, had purchased in Champagne an estate worth a million and a half of francs. Both husband and wife were eloquent in denouncing the immoral conduct of their wealthy relation; but they admitted that their scruples would not extend so far as to induce them to relinquish the estate, should it be one day bequeathed to them. By a singular coincidence, and as if to remove any doubt which might exist as to the elasticity of the said scruples, the aunt fell ill and died, bequeathing by her last will her entire property to the tradesman and his wife. Immense was the sensation created in the quarter of the town where they resided; and innumerable were the offers of service showered upon them by their disinterested neighbors. The fortunate couple bore their change of circumstances with comparative modesty, and they deigned to accept some of these offers. They decided, and the neighbors approved of the decision, that the aunt should be interred with becoming splendor. But the funds of the nephew were low, and it would be necessary to incur some unavoidable expenditure before obtaining possession of the property, not to mention the funeral expenses decided on, and outlay for traveling. The friendship of the neighbors speedily removed these slight obstacles; one man advanced the heir 6000 francs, another 1000 francs, etc., and even an offer of 300 francs was not refused. The man and wife left for Champagne, and brought back a hamper of wine from the cellar of the deceased aunt, which they distributed among the friends who had advanced them money. This proof of gratitude produced an excellent effect, and one individual advanced the lucky nephew a further sum of 1500 francs. But the lender ascertained, some hours later, to his consternation, that the supposed heir had secreted himself in another quarter of the town when he ought to have been engaged in paying the last honors to his departed relation. This roused his suspicions, and he determined to regain possession of his money. He presented himself at the nephew's shop, and, with an honesty highly creditable, protested that he had made an error of a hundred francs to the prejudice of the borrower in counting out the sum of 1500 francs. The nephew eagerly produced the bundle of notes, and stated that he had already spent some of them. The ingenious lender immediately seized on the notes, and placing them in his pocket, took a hasty departure. In the mean while the police authorities, having reason to question the existence of the estate bequeathed by the wealthy aunt, made certain inquiries, which led to the immediate arrest of the fictitious heirs.

BELGIUM.

HOW PEOPLE GET MARRIED IN BELGIUM.

In the sitting of the Royal Academy of Sciences, M. Quetelet read an interesting paper relative to the number and character of marriages that usually take place throughout Belgium in the year, and containing other statistics of a moral and general nature. The author presented the following table, which is founded upon an observation of the marriages that have taken place in the country during the last fifteen years. He gives 10,000 marriages that have taken place, with the respective ages of the husbands and wives.

MATRIMONIAL TABLE.

Age.	Men.	Women.
Under 21	219	880
From 21 to 25	1,647	2,626
" 25 to 30	3,386	3,016
" 30 to 35	2,120	1,655
" 35 to 40	1,181	880
" 40 to 45	660	488
" 45 to 50	369	253
" 50 to 55	199	116
" 55 to 60	105	48
" 60 to 65	59	21
" 65 to 70	30	8
" 70 to 75	11	8
" 75 to 80	4	1
Above 80	1	0
	10,000	10,000

It thus appears that marriages before 21 years of age are four times as numerous among women as among men. Up to 25 years of age the predominance existed still in favor of women; but after that age the number becomes proportionally less, and diminishes progressively according as the parties approach the last stages of life, when marriages of women are about one-tenth fewer than those of men of similar ages. The smaller comparative number of marriages of men before 25 years may not only be accounted for by the more precocious formation of women, but also by the nature of the social institutions of the country and the exigencies of the military service.

PRUSSIA.

MEETING OF QUEEN VICTORIA AND HER DAUGHTER.

A Berlin letter says: "The meeting between the Queen of England and the Princess Frederick William, her daughter, was very affecting. The Princess sprang into the railway carriage to her royal mother, and the two remained clasped in each other's arms for some time, unable to speak."

ITALY.

SENTENCE OF THE PATRIOTS.

A Naples letter says: "The sixteen prisoners who had received a commutation of punishment were sent for to hear the decree read in presence of the Grand Court. Accompanied by a company of rifles and gens d'armes, bound two and two together, they were taken to the courts, and remained so bound—a fact which was contrary to law. The President immediately sent for Nicotera, who was unbound and led into the private Council Chamber, accompanied by three gens d'armes and an officer. On his arrival the President said, 'It is my duty to exhort you to be grateful to the King, who has commuted your punishment, and I had called you, therefore, to beg you that if you will not yourself cry "Viva il Re!" after the reading of the decree, you will at least persuade your companions to do so.' Nicotera, who was greatly agitated, replied, 'We can not do it. Were we to cry "Viva il Re!" the echo would be "Death to Liberty!" Reserve for yourself such infamy, and leave to us the dignity of silence.' At these words the President, not knowing what next to say, ordered Nicotera to be taken out, and to be bound to his companions.

THE SCENE AT THE EMBARKATION.

"In the afternoon the Government steamer which was to carry off many of the prisoners arrived, and the inhabitants were soon after surprised at the sound of chains which were being landed. From the beach they were taken to the prison in three carts, while another followed with an anvil and three large hammers. The public executioner and his two assistants were called to iron the condemned; and on their presenting themselves they were chained in the following mode: The chain which bound them consisted of 16 rings, and was 4 mètres (or 13 feet) in length, and 16 kilograms (or 35 pounds) in weight; at each extremity was a large ring or semicircle, which was closed by a large nail 20 centimètres in length, and having a diameter of 3 centimètres at one extremity with the head, and at the other it was fastened on an anvil by a hammer. The right foot of one being thus fastened to the left of another prisoner, they can not move except by common agreement: and so they must do the necessary offices of life, not even excluding sleep. This scene of 'ironing' lasted from half past six to half past seven o'clock in the evening, and the antechamber at the gateway of the prison for the time wore the appearance of a blacksmith's shop. Four companies of rifles were under arms in different parts of the city, as though it were in a state of siege. 'In strong contrast with the agents in the scene just described,' said my informant, 'was a woman called Poggi, of Lerici, in the Gulf of Genoa, and mother of one of the prisoners condemned to twenty-five years in irons. This poor woman has followed her son month after month—her devotion might have melted the anvil on which the chains were riveted, yet her grief was insulted by the agents of power. Any one who had the heart of a man must have been touched at seeing that unhappy woman clasping to her bosom the son she was about to lose, perhaps for life, and kissing his chains, while with acute grief he saw that every blow of the hammer was like a dagger in her heart. During the whole of this time the prisoners conducted themselves as though they were enjoying a triumph. After they were chained and manacled, and further bound together by a long rope which extended through the whole line, they were taken between two files of soldiers through the city, and the whole length of the Marina, while all the inhabitants were horrified and quite panic struck by this barbarous spectacle. The subjects of this government are destined, it is believed, to Pescara—the foreigners to the Island of Favignana—while Nicotera, Gagliani, and Valletta are sent to the Vicaria, in Naples, and are destined ultimately, I believe, to S. Stefano. Another political cause will come on shortly at Salerno, in which between one and two hundred are engaged.'"

RUSSIA.

RUSSIAN MORALS.

The *Presse* gives a gloomy account of the demoralization which prevails among the population of Russia, and which is encouraged by the financial system of the country. It appears that 480,000,000 francs, or nearly one moiety of the state revenue is derived from the sale of brandy licenses, and that the Russian peasant is ruined in soul and body by a decoction of river water, nitric acid, sulphuric acid, and tobacco juice. It is calculated, after taking into account the sum paid by speculators for their licenses, the amount which they are forced to expend in bribery in order to obtain the latter, the cost of the decoction which they sell for brandy, and the large profits which they derive from its sale, that the total sum sacrificed by the Russian nation to strong drink is not less than 800,000,000 francs, or 12 francs per inhabitant. Another Government monopoly, which occupies a considerable place in the budget is the sale of playing cards. "Play," says the *Presse*, "is as necessary to the existence of the aristocracy as brandy is to that of the people. Every body plays in Russia—men, women, and children. They do not play for amusement; they treat it as a profession—as a means of advancing in the world."

WEDDING OF THE CONJUROR HUME.

A St. Petersburg correspondent writes:

"Hume, the celebrated (or notorious) 'spirit-rapper,' has arrived in St. Petersburg. You have, of course, heard of this man. He is by birth a Scotchman, but is, I believe, a naturalized citizen of the United States. He created quite a *furore* in Paris, some months ago, and was well received by the Emperor Napoleon, who is said to be a believer in the 'science' professed by Mr. Hume. If the stories told of his exploits may be credited, Hume has performed some feats calculated to shake the judgment of the least credulous; and it is positively asserted that, in one of his exhibitions before the French Court, he 'evoked' the spirit of Napoleon I., who graciously presented his hand from beneath the table for the faithful to kiss, of which rare opportunity many persons present eagerly availed themselves. I suppose you have heard this tale before, as also the report of the impending marriage between Hume and a Russian lady of rank and wealth. It is this conjugal project which brings our 'medium' to St. Petersburg; but while he continues to assert that his magic powers are unimpaired, he refuses longer to exercise them, and intimates his intention to settle down quietly to the enjoyment of the good things of this life, leaving the other world to take care of itself. Malicious rumors have been in circulation to the effect that the lady had manifested a disposition to take back her troth, and that, *par conséquent*, there would be no wedding; or that Hume would, at least, be obliged to go at the old trade, if only long enough to summon from the vasty deep some potent black spirit, or gray, to impress upon the *fiancée* the necessity of keeping her word. In the mean time the spiritual necromancer has coolly given the lie direct to this gossip by espousing the lady. The ceremony took place on Sunday evening last, according to the forms of the Greek Church, in presence of several witnesses."

TURKEY.

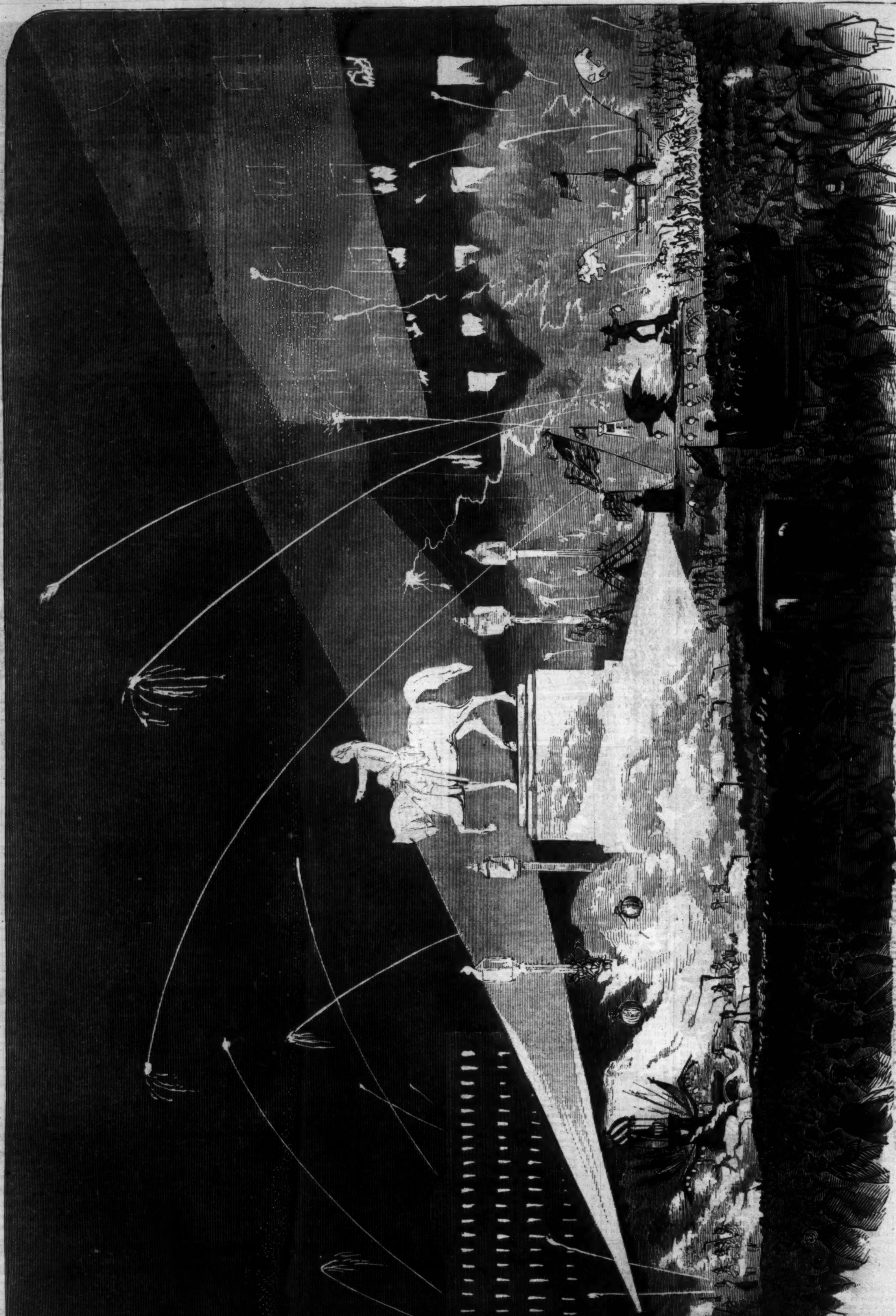
BOMBARDMENT OF JEDDAH.

The telegraph brings us intelligence of the bombardment of Jeddah, from which we learn that when the *Cyclops* arrived before that place a communication was sent to the Pacha, who was absent, giving him thirty-six hours' time to punish the insurgents. As no answer was returned within the specified period, the bombardment began and continued for three days. The Pacha then came on board of the war steamship, and assured the captain that the culprits were condemned, and that he only awaited orders from Constantinople to execute them. This answer was not deemed to be satisfactory, and the bombardment began again. Ultimately, Ismail Pacha arrived from Constantinople, and eleven of the insurgents were immediately hanged in the presence of all the shipping. The remainder of the culprits were sent to the capital for trial. The *Cyclops* then left Jeddah for Suez with the intelligence.

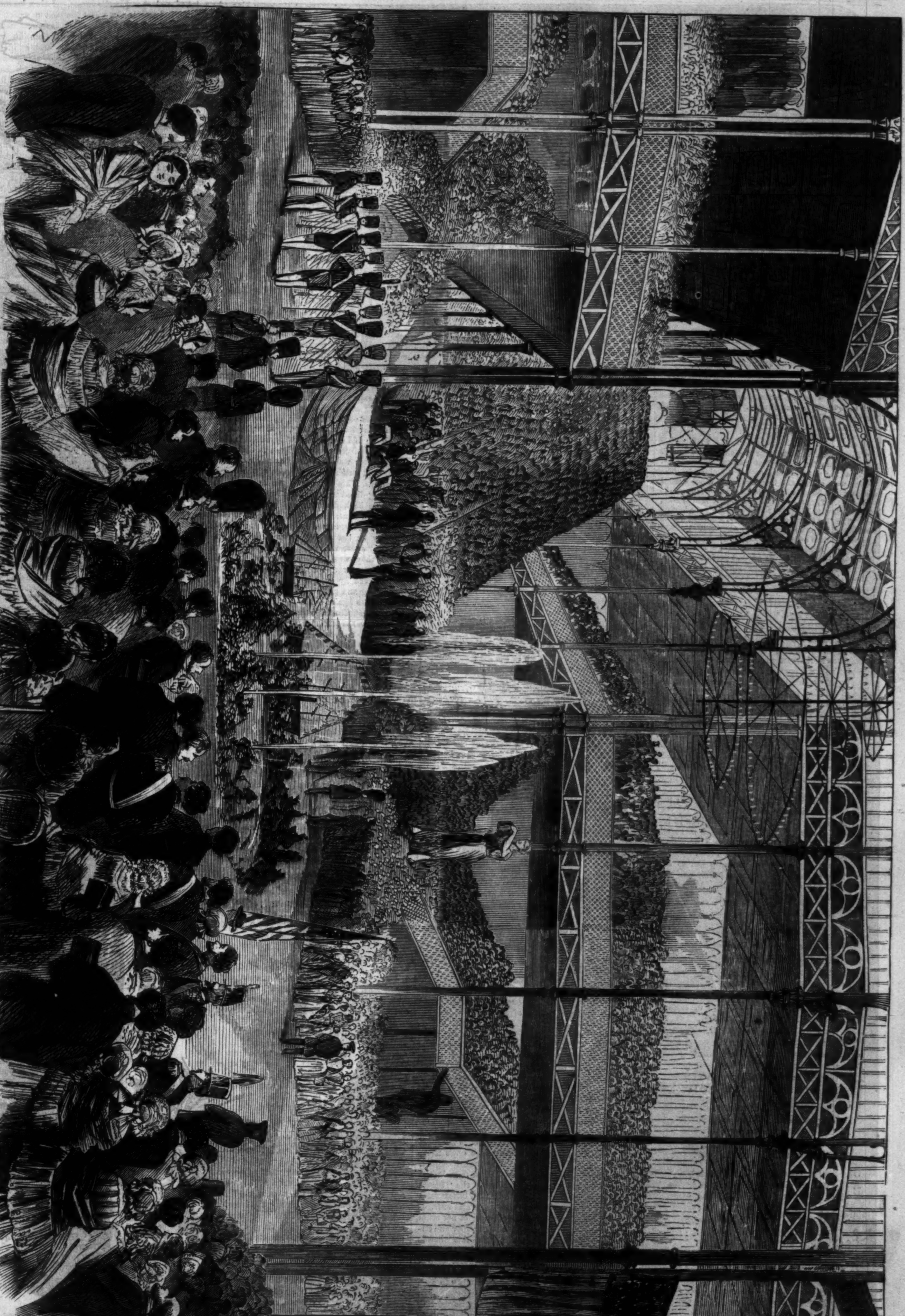
CHINA.

THE TERMS OF THE TREATY.

By telegraph from St. Johns we learn that the treaty concluded with the Chinese does not confer on the Allies the right of having permanent diplomatic agents at Pekin, but their Consul-Generals resident at Tien Sien will be admitted to direct intercourse with the Cabinet of the Emperor. A telegram from St. Petersburg says the Chinese Empire is to be open to foreigners, and the left bank of the Amoor River henceforth to be the boundary between Russia and China. Baron Gros, the French Plenipotentiary, is expected home from China in October.



ATLANTIC CABLE CELEBRATION—THE FIREMEN LIGHTING THEIR TORCHES IN UNION SQUARE.



ATLANTIC CABLE CELEBRATION—PRESENTATION TO CYRUS W. FIELD IN THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

THE ATLANTIC CABLE FESTIVITIES.

ON Wednesday, 1st September, the noblest fête ever witnessed in New York was given in honor of the Atlantic Cable. Broadway, from end to end, was, from morning till night, one monster procession; the houses were covered with transparencies, flags, and all manner of decorations. To attempt to describe the doings of the day would far transcend our limits. We must refer to the daily papers for a full chronicle of the memorable day.

We have engraved, first, on page 577, a part of the procession going up Broadway. The point chosen by our artist was the passage of the *Niagara's* sailors. One of the newspaper reporters thus describes the scene:

"Another portion of the procession that came in for a very particular manifestation of enthusiasm was the large coil of the Atlantic Telegraph cable, which was neatly wound round a pyramid, on a car drawn by six horses, gayly caparisoned with flags and plumes. This important part of the display was confided to the care of the brave sailors of the *Niagara*, who had so many recollections, sad and sweet, connected with that same mystic wire. We need scarcely say that these worthy men were the objects of particular regard and attention, and on every side they were greeted with the clamorous praises of their delighted fellow-citizens."

On page 584, we have given a view of lighting the torches for the firemen's procession, on Union Square, opposite the statue of Washington. The effect of two Drummond lights shedding broad streams of dazzling white rays through the myriads of paler and colored luminaries was very striking; our artist has rendered it effectively. Of the scene and the procession a reporter says:

"Previous to starting, a box of fire-works and torches had been given to each fireman. The 'illumination' was distributed as follows:

Engine Companies....	48 Fire-works and	48 Torches.
Hook and Ladder Co's.	48 "	48 "
Hose	25 "	23 "

"There were, however, large quantities of extra fire-works and torches, procured at company expense. Arriving at the statue, each company illuminated. The torches were of red and blue, and made a fine colored smoke, which hung in heavy clouds over the route of the procession. The fire-works were rockets, Roman candles, etc., which were judiciously used to produce the best effect. The streets through which the procession marched were decorated as we have already described. But new adornments were added as the night wore on and enthusiasm rose. Almost every tree on Broadway was hung with colored lanterns in the greatest profusion. Paper lanterns of all hues were a great feature of the evening, and were used every where by the thousand. They were strung in brilliant lines across the streets, festooned on the houses, exposed from windows, and brought into use in hundreds of pretty designs. The streets on the route were in a blaze of light."

Our third illustration, on page 585, depicts the presentation, in the Crystal Palace, of a gold box to Cyrus W. Field, Esq., by Mayor Tiemann. The Palace was well arranged for the memorable event. The platform was erected in the eastern nave, commencing at the fountain in the centre of the building and running back about half the depth of the nave; it then rose, tier after tier, back to the east window, thus filling the entire space, and on this elevation the orchestra and members of the New York Harmonic Society, the Brooklyn and Williamsburg Harmonics, Mendelssohn Union, and the Liederkranz societies were seated. The whole platform was handsomely carpeted, and draped with the national colors—red, white, and blue. Behind hung the flags of England and the United States, and in the north nave a large green flag with a gold harp in the centre floated.

After singing Mrs. Stephens's Ode (given in last number of the *Weekly*), the presentation was made by Mayor Tiemann, with a neat speech, which was handsomely acknowledged by Mr. Field.

We are happy to have it in our power to contribute our share to the important business of commemorating so memorable an event. All honor to Field, and success to the Cable!

WHAT A RIDICULOUS FASHION!

TUNE.—*The King of the Cannibal Islands.*

Now Crinoline is all the rage,
With ladies of whatever age,
A petticoat made like a cage,
Oh, what a ridiculous fashion!
'Tis framed with hoops and bars of steel,
Or tubes of air, which lighter feel,
And worn by girls to be genteel,
Or if they've figures to conceal.
It makes their dresses stick far out,
A dozen yards, at least, about,
And pleases both the thin and stout,
Oh, what a ridiculous fashion!

CHORUS.

Balking walking all the day,
Always getting in the way,
All, except the ladies, say,
Oh, what a ridiculous fashion!

One female takes up half the street,
And can't sit clear in any seat,
You walk half round each girl you meet,
Oh, what a ridiculous fashion!
Or in her dress you hitch your stick,
And tear it, if you're walking quick:
Of Crinoline all men are sick,
It forces them their way to pick.
A carriage with a lady's clothes,
If she rides in it, overflows,
And people shout where'er she goes,
Oh, what a ridiculous fashion!
CHORUS.—Balking walking, etc.

In Church the very widest pew
Will hold of ladies but a few,
Its door their skirts protruding through,
Oh, what a ridiculous fashion!
And when they go to routs and balls,
They fill chock full the largest halls,
And squeeze the men against the walls;
A man might wish his wife wore smalls.
An omnibus they occupy,
So that your knees are covered by
Their muslin, while you softy cry,
Oh, what a ridiculous fashion!
CHORUS.—Balking walking, etc.

There's not a door that's wide enough
For girls to pass with all their stuff,
Without a squeeze and struggle tough,
Oh, what a ridiculous fashion!
The posts their spreading dresses scratch,
The bushes scrape, the brambles catch,
And, what is worse, the Congreve match.
They interfere with all dispatch;
'Tis tiresome quite to see how slow,
With held-up skirts, the ladies go,
Their ankles, it would seem, to show,
Oh, what a ridiculous fashion!
CHORUS.—Balking walking, etc.

There was a time when every lass
Just wore a "bustle"—which might pass—
But now 'tis one enormous mass,
Oh, what a ridiculous fashion!
Before as bulky as behind,
By moderation unconfined,
Just one point stretched we shouldn't mind,
To suit the whim of womankind;
But Crinoline is more than such,
It really is a deal too much,
And makes the contour worse than Dutch,
Oh, what a ridiculous fashion!
CHORUS.—Balking walking, etc.

How long will English ladies troop
About encircled by a coop,
Composed of air-tube, bar, and hoop?
Oh, what a ridiculous fashion!
The more you scoff, the more you jeer,
The more the women persevere
In wearing this apparel queer,
Which is in cost extremely dear,
So much material it requires,
Which every husband's patience tires;
The fashion not one man admires,
Oh, what a ridiculous fashion!
CHORUS.—Balking walking, etc.

MY AQUATIC REMINISCENCES.

MOST men are endowed with one peculiar hobby. Mine was that of swimming. It would, indeed, have been strange had it been otherwise; for I was, in a sense, brought up in the sea; my childhood was spent upon its shores, and many years of my after-life were passed in trips and adventures upon its friendly and familiar bosom. While yet a boy, I acquired for the ocean, for its waves and its sands, its shells, its pebbles, and its rocks, and the pleasant and invigorating atmosphere of its weedy beach, a fondness and enthusiasm which made me long look upon it as a spirited but affectionate steed. When but a child of five or six years old, with what delight did I not venture forth into the deep waters, borne upon the shoulders of a cousin of mine, a capital swimmer! How I chuckled, and struggled, and screamed, between an irresistible glee and an uncontrollable fear! By-and-by I grew taller and stronger, and could manage for myself; and after the usual ordeal of sinking, and sprawling, and swallowing many a draught of the bitter brine, I came at length to bear my head above water, and to strike out boldly, and to look upon the blue sea with a sympathy unalloyed by apprehension, even when the billows would toss, and fret, and curl with the crests of angry serpents, and rise in hillocks between me and the land, leaving to my eyes no other prospect than the heaving waves and the overarching sky, or, perhaps, the glimmering sail of a ship far, far away in the distance.

There may be many better swimmers than I am, but I doubt if any can be much more familiar with the waters than I—if any have more of that confidence in swimming which is only to be acquired by long habit, and if any one can more heartily relish an exercise which, of all exercises, is the most healthy, invigorating, and delightful. Often on a fine summer's day, alone or with a few congenial spirits, I would start off and spend the hours till dusk swimming to some favorite spot, occasionally coming to land, and, half dressed, lolling on a rock, looking at the sea, or the boats far off, or the sea-gulls, or criticising the aquatic feats of my companions, then plunging in again, and tumbling about in the water till the day was spent. Thus swimming soon became for me a passion of such intensity that it will almost seem ridiculous to those who do not reflect that any, even the most trifling pursuit, if allowed to engross one's time, will end by thoroughly engrossing one's thoughts.

I have often heard, and had often seen in the newspapers, very flaming accounts of the "heroic conduct" of swimmers who had saved others from drowning by plunging into the water and extricating them, and in the existing temper of my mind it had naturally occurred to me to consider and examine the circumstances under which this "heroic conduct" had been displayed. I knew very well that in the case of a child or very weak woman falling into the water, it would be no very difficult matter for any man capable of swimming to save her from drowning. It would be little more than taking a piece of wood or any light and unresisting object out of the water. But in the attempt to save a strong man who could not swim, consequently without presence of mind, his strength would be used, at best, to obstruct your kind services, or perhaps, in his frantic agony, to drag you with him to a watery grave. In the case of a man, then, I felt that the attempt would be no child's play. My reflections on the subject were generally concluded with a shudder at the very idea of an attempt so hazardous and so awful.

At length I had a rare opportunity of testing my prowess. One day I was strolling about the only dock of the little town near which I resided, when my attention was attracted by a group of people crowded to the water's edge, shouting and throwing their arms about with that indescribable agitation and fuss which characterizes the do-nothingness of persons whose presence of mind has been swamped by undue excitement and confusion. I approached, of course, and soon perceived that some one had fallen from the pier into the water, which, at that point, was very deep. There was not a boat to be had any where within a distance of at least two miles—for it was in the middle of the day, when the fishermen of the place were away fishing. In the mean time, while a boat was being sent for, the surface of the water became ruffled, and the head of a man struggling made its appearance. A rope was immediately thrown to him, but he made no effort to reach it, and sank again in an instant. By this time the boat was seen approaching, but at some distance off, and it soon became apparent to me that, unless assistance were rendered, the man must drown ere the boat could reach him. My mind was made up in an instant. I should, indeed, have sprung in immediately upon reaching the spot, but there was no landing-place near, and as the pier rose very high from the water it would have been utterly hopeless for me to be of any service. The appearance of the boat, however, altered matters. If I could but support him for a minute or two it would be enough, and I therefore threw off my coat and swung myself down into the water, holding one end of the rope in my hand. Owing to the wretched bungling and agitation of the people on the pier, the rope was pulled from me; but once in the water, I resolved not to delay, and unhesitatingly struck out. If I can do any thing well it is diving; and down I dived accordingly, but though I remained under water as long as my wind would last, I could catch not a glimpse of the object of my search. This may, perhaps, be attributed to my having dived too soon, and before reaching the spot where he had sunk; and once under water, especially in a moment of excitement, it is most difficult to preserve a proper direction; but whatever may be the cause, I searched in vain. I opened my eyes, well accustomed to salt water, as wide as they would open; I groped and shifted about; I went round and round; but the waters, overshadowed by the pier, were very dark, and I saw nothing and came into contact with nothing, and up I rose again. The crowd above seeing me reappear unsuccessful, shouted and pointed toward a spot where the water was ruffled at a yard or two from me. I understood their meaning, and with scarcely any delay dived again, in the direction they pointed out. By this time I had discovered that it is a very different thing diving for mere amusement, and on an occasion like the present. A strange fluttering of the heart, an intense anxiety, oppressed me as I descended a second time. I kept as good a look-out as I could, but somehow or other the water was darker than before, and I could distinguish nothing at all. I persisted, however, for some time in my search, but at length, feeling it impossible to keep in my breath any longer, I threw back my head and rose upward, giving up the matter as a bad job, and rather glad, in fact, to be rid of it. I was already just near the surface; I could perceive the light of the sun through the uppermost waters—my chest was already gulping for want of breath; I had forgotten every thing in the paramount desire to breathe, when—who shall express the horror of that moment!—my arms were suddenly pinioned to my sides, my body was clasped by two wiry arms from behind, and I was dragged forcibly downward. That sensation was indeed terrible; I felt as if my frame would have burst with emotion, when suddenly—as suddenly as I had been seized—the grasp was loosened, and I felt the wretch's arms beating about frantically in the water around me. I had as yet kept in my breath with the most dreadful exertions, and now that I felt myself free I sprang fiercely upward, but not quickly enough, for the drowning man clenched my leg like a vice before I had reached the surface. The impetus, however, drew him along with me, and for one second—one awful second—I emerged into the air, and had just time to open my mouth and relieve my chest—not, however, without swallowing some of the bitter brine—when down he dragged me again. He now clasped my waist—I thought he would have stifled me. I endeavored to tear his arms from me, but I might as well have tried to wrench off an iron girdle. I dived downward in hopes to rid myself of him, but he kept fast. I grasped the muddy sand at the bottom in my frantic despair, and the water, that was already dark, was made black, thick, and horrible. At length I thought he was loosening me. I made a last effort to tear myself from him, but no! he tightened his arms again; I had but shifted my position. Now we were face to face, and I felt his head burrowing in my neck, and his teeth mumbling my vest. Can I ever forget the horror of that moment? I could hold in my breath no longer; I have a vague recollection of clutching his throat with my hands and endeavoring to strangle him. Then the water began to choke me, and then quickly there crept through me a strange, indefinable sensation that felt as a relief—a sensation not unlike that agreeable languor and dizziness which follow a long and severe fever, when, too exhausted and weak to be actually delirious, the senses yet become benumbed and indistinct, and surrounding objects rock and swim around in the shape of trees, and fields, and fountains, and cascades, and of friendly and familiar faces. I became exhausted and half unconscious, like one drunk with opium, and a plaintive sound, something between the pealing of bells and the hum of a sea-shell, rang in my ears, and then it dropped away by degrees, and darkness seemed to close around me. I remember no more.

When I awoke again to consciousness I was in bed and at a friend's house. I then learned that while I was in the water the boat of which I have spoken had arrived upon the scene, and that when I rose to the surface for the first time the people in it had endeavored to assist me, but that I had sunk again before they were able to do so. Some time elapsed before I appeared again, and all hope had been abandoned, and drags had been sent for. At length I rose to the surface in the dead embrace of my terrible companion. We were immediately taken out of the water, and no effort was spared to reanimate us, but I only was saved. The unfortunate man whom I had so risked my life for was a seaman belonging to a brig-of-war boat, and in a drunken fit he had staggered into the water. When I found what manner of man it was that I had attempted to save, I was not surprised at my ill success. I was but too thankful that I had escaped with my own life.

It may be readily imagined that this event was a lesson which I did not soon forget. "A burned child dreads the fire," and a half-drowned man may be easily supposed not to have a much greater relish for the water. For some time I could not bring myself to bathe again; and when at length my old propensity began to return, I had the keenest horror of being touched by any one, or indeed of having any one near me while swimming. I had before been foolishly presumptuous—I had now grown ridiculously timid.

About a twelvemonth had passed away, and I was fonder of swimming, if possible, than I ever had been, and my squeamishness had entirely disappeared. One day in winter I had been in a boat shooting wild ducks with a party of friends. I had dropped them all, with one exception, at their respective homes, and, with my only remaining companion, was sailing toward the point near which we both resided. A lively breeze was blowing, we had spread all our canvas, and our little boat, heeling over on its side, skimmed pleasantly over the waters. When we were still at some distance from our destination, and just passing a rudely-built jetty raised for the convenience of the fishermen, my friend stood up, smoking a cigar, to inhale, as he said, the bracing evening breeze. He was beginning to expatiate on the beauty of the scenery along the shore, when a squall from the turn in the river struck the boat, jerking it suddenly on one side, and my friend, losing his equilibrium, was capsized overboard. At first I was tempted to laugh, but when I found that the tide was bearing him away quicker than I could make the boat tack toward him, and that he had already, being no swimmer, lost his presence of mind, I really began to be alarmed. At once I changed my tactics, ran the boat on the jetty, threw the anchor on shore, and jumped into the water, in spite of the cold, which, at that season and at that hour of the day, was no joke. He was still above water, but must soon go down; and the distance between us was fast increasing. I darted forward, however, and when he sank I dived after him. Then, for the first time, did something of a misgiving—something of an apprehension lest a similar fate to that of former days should again befall me—take possession of me. Nevertheless I proceeded very cautiously. The water was clear, and that was an advantage. I intended, if possible, to watch him from a respectful distance, and then, when an opportunity occurred, to seize him by the nape of the neck, or—if that were not possible—to pinion his arms within my own, and then swim to land with my feet. As I was proceeding under water as stealthily as I thought this plan demanded, endeavoring at the same time to catch a glimpse of his whereabouts, my hand was suddenly grasped. Seldom have I felt such a thrill of horror as at that moment; for the grasp was of the same frantic, indescribable character as that of the man for whom I had formerly stood so near the brink of eternity. That grasp was the electric conductor between me and the sensations of the past. My first impulse was no longer to save him, but to save myself. This alarm was but transitory; and, summoning up all the courage I was master of, I sprang upward with him to the surface. He let go my hand; but now, in my turn, I grasped his. He endeavored to swing his body round, so as to embrace me with his arms. I was prepared for this, and seizing him by the front of his waistcoat, I held him at arms'-length from me, entreating him to be calm and not to struggle and I would save him. But I might as well have spoken to the waves. Frantically did he attempt to catch hold of me, and to draw closer to me, and being foiled in this, he clenched my arm with so much force that I thought the blood would have gushed from it. By this time we were at the surface. I had recovered all my self-possession, and had leisure to consider; and perceiving that my efforts to gain the shore were rendered ineffectual by his struggling (for the utmost I could do was to keep above water), and as I was really getting quite stiff from cold and fatigue, I at length reluctantly made up my mind to resort to a plan which I had often meditated, and which, though somewhat unpleasant, was not likely to prove unsuccessful. We were alone—not a creature was in the neighborhood. It was already growing dusk, and there was no hope of assistance from any quarter. It was therefore no time for trifling or delay. Accordingly I began by "planting" a blow with my hand that was free, and in true milling style, between his two eyes. This, of course, called forth all his frenzy, and he struggled madly. I felt the arm that held him growing benumbed and powerless, so I "planted" another and another and another as quickly as possible. The fourth or fifth was scarcely given when he lay unresistingly in my arms. This end obtained, I made the best of my way with him to the jetty. The icy water had a very revivifying effect upon him, for by the time we were reaching land he was again beginning to struggle. I got him on shore, however, and then into the boat, much to my relief and his own after-satisfaction. I need hardly say that he did not "demand an explanation" for my having struck him.

I may as well relate here from what a casual accident the above somewhat vigorous, but very efficient plan of saving a man from drowning occurred to me. The plan itself is a simple one—it is perhaps the only one that is certain of success in like circumstances, but I do not think I should even have thought of it had it not been suggested to me by the merest chance. A few months previous to the incident I have just described I was bathing with some friends near a large and lofty rock, under which, it was asserted, there was a deep marine cavern. Numerous, it was said, had been the deaths by drowning at this particular spot, for many swimmers had, at different periods, attempted, by diving, to explore the cavern, and had been drowned in the attempt. The very danger of the place made me like it. There was an excitement in it, and we used frequently to attempt an entrance into the cavern; but none of us, I suspect, ever had the courage to proceed to any distance in the dark waters under the rock. To speak for myself, at least—I may say that I was indeed fond enough of diving down and looking into the palpable obscure before me, but I never relished the idea of trusting myself within it. We all, I imagine, contented ourselves with diving down, peeping in, and cruising about as long as breath lasted, and then, when we could remain under no longer, we would return to the surface, resolved not to be outdone by each other in the most circumstantial description of the formation of the cavern, and of the strange and unaccountable sights that, with a little stretch of imagination, we might reasonably be supposed to have witnessed within it—for in truth we were sad braggarts. One day, however, the matter was brought to a test. Tom Wilson, a friend of mine, and one of the boldest and best swimmers that I had ever known, maintained that he had entered the cavern, had explored it thoroughly, had ascertained that the stories of its depth were altogether unfounded, and that, in fact, it was nothing more than a large and unusual hollow in the rock. We were all, of course, very indignant at such an assertion. In fact it was a complete refutation of all our own imaginary descriptions of its depths, horrors, and immensity. Tom persevered in his assertion, and as we looked incredulous, challenged any of us who dared to follow him into it. I accepted the challenge, and, allowing him a moment's start, I dived after him. As I came to the dark mouth of the cavern Tom's feet were just disappearing into it—a little to my dismay, I confess, for I half doubted his being really in earnest. However, I followed slowly after him, taking a slightly different direction, so as not to come into contact with him. I had not gone very far before I begun not at all to like the sensation. I had quite lost sight of Tom, for the water, though limpid to the touch, was perfectly dark, owing to the total exclusion of the light by the overhanging rock. I fancied, too, that I felt oppressed, stifled, as if for want of air in so confined a place (such is the force of imagination), and I began to think of retracing my steps, the more so as I really was getting fatigued; and the slowness of my cautious progress having consumed a considerable time, my breath was becoming exhausted. I was preparing to carry my retreat into execution when my foot was struck violently by a human leg, in a manner not so easy to describe as to understand, which clearly denoted that the person who gave the stroke was struggling desperately and in danger. Of course, under such circumstances, one is wonderfully alive to the necessity of getting out of harm's reach, so I made my way as speedily as possible toward the glimmering light at the mouth of the cavern, and it was with no small relief that I emerged into clearer and more translucid water. My discomposure was considerably increased when, as I was springing upward, I noticed a thin streak of blood tracked perpendicularly through the water from the mouth of the cavern to the surface. This was soon explained, for on coming to the air I saw Tom floating helplessly, and faintly struggling, his head and shoulders bathed in blood. Before I could render him any assistance one of our friends was already helping him to the shore. Tom had fainted from loss of blood, and an infant could not have been more easily drawn to the land. He had struck his head against a sharp corner of the interior of the cavern, but had retained sufficient presence of mind to make his way to its mouth, which he had some difficulty in reaching. It was this incident which suggested to me the plan I afterward adopted. Perceiving how easily he was extricated from the water when powerless, I reflected that it might be possible to render powerless a man whom it was necessary to save from drowning, if the harsh but only available method of stunning him were adopted. But then it is not every man that *will* be stunned. I remember an amusing instance of this. Once, when the rest of us were swimming at some distance from the shore, a good-natured but simple Frenchman, to whom I had imparted my specific for saving the life of a drowning man, perceiving that an Irish gentleman was going through some peculiarly strange evolutions in the water, which he took for drowning, got into a boat, shoved it toward the Irishman, and began belaboring him with a cane. Our Irish friend, of course, did not understand this, and having hunted his persecutor out of the boat, had given the Frenchman the better part of a good thrashing before any of us were able to interfere. He was one, in fact, who *wouldn't* be stunned. But, as a general rule, the stunning plan is a good one, as must be evident from the facility of saving a man to whom has occurred an accident similar to that which befell Tom Wilson.

I will conclude these reminiscences by recalling the melancholy death of poor Tom.

In the summer following the accident of the cavern, a small party of us, of which Tom was one, made an excursion to an island which lay off some dozen miles from the main land. The day was warm, the sea was calm, and every thing passed off pleasantly. We enjoyed ourselves fishing and swimming, and early in the evening started to return home. As we were sailing along under a nice smooth breeze, Tom proposed to have one more swim. No one offered to join him, but we readily consented to lower the sail and wait for him. Into the water he went accordingly, while we availed ourselves of the pretext of delay to take a supplementary luncheon. Our boat drifted with the ripple and the tide, and there was soon a considerable distance between Tom and us. His head would occasionally be seen on the top of a wave, and then he would disappear in a hollow, but no thoughts of danger ever entered our minds. Some of us dozed, some smoked, some ate, some drank, some extemporized on the scenery. The shore stood up grim and stern far off on one side, the island lay indistinct and flat at about an equal distance on the other. At length some one took up a gun to have a shot at a sea-gull; off went the gun, and down came the bird, badly wounded, at some forty yards distance from us. We pulled toward it, but it was no easy matter to overtake it. After a good deal of delay we succeeded. But now we thought it high time we were getting home, and looked around for Tom, but nowhere could we see him. We were sure, at first, that he must be concealed behind the rising of the waves. We pulled toward where we had seen him last, but nothing was visible on the water. Here and there our boat glided, every eye meantime on the look-out. For two hours we continued beating about in every direction, but it was all in vain. Was it possible! Could we credit our senses? Had we seen him sink, it would have been, as it were, some consolation; but that he should thus vanish and "make no sign," was more horrible than could be expressed. We bore away at length, sadly and sorrowfully, from where our friend, so full of joy in the morning, lay now "unknelled, uncoffined, and unknown."

THE OUTRAGE AT JAFFA.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly.

WARE, MASSACHUSETTS, *September* 1, 1858.

SIR,—In the *Weekly* of the 28th ult. was a short commendatory notice of the conduct of "M. De Leon," in relation to the outrage at Jaffa in January last.

I was in Alexandria at the time he received dispatches from Mr. Gorham (United States Consul at Jerusalem), giving him the details of the affair, and asking his advice and assistance; and wish to bear testimony to the promptness and energy shown by M. De L., who, although the matter was not in his jurisdiction, went by the earliest possible conveyance, at the sacrifice of personal comfort and the risk of his life, to aid in bringing the perpetrators of the crimes to justice.

In striking contrast with his conduct was that of Captain Bell, of the United States ship *Constellation*, then at Alexandria, and the only American armed vessel in the Mediterranean. He not only refused to go to the assistance of his suffering countrymen and countrywomen—on the excuse that it was a *dangerous* coast—but as soon thereafter as he could get out of the harbor he left that part of the Mediterranean, and took his vessel to Messina. Had he done his duty, and properly supported the consuls at Jaffa, that outrage would have been promptly avenged, the lives and property of American travelers and residents been more secure, and the recent outbreaks against the Christians would probably have never have taken place.

Yours very truly, S. J. WETHRELL.

THE BEACH COTTAGE.

CHAPTER I.

THE sea-breeze was coming in at the open window as we smoked our cigars, lampless and candleless. The ladies of the party had retired (ostensibly), leaving us, as my wife informed us, to our Rauchstube (my wife was studying German) and our horrid conversation—"men are so disgustingly censorious when they get by themselves." So we sat gazing out over the moonlit sea, catching the breeze as it swelled and bellied out the muslin curtains, and chasing a desultory conversation as Grant prolonged his promenade to our window and Eyre could cease puffing to vouchsafe a word.

Silence held us bound until, after quite a little time, my eye or my ear happened to catch *something*—whether was it a rustle, or a flutter, or a bat under the ceiling, or what, who could say? But my attention was caught.

So was Eyre's.

I moved in my chair, and "decinerated" my cigar. A flounce, a skirt, a figure was finally revealed.

"Oh, Mr. Smith! I was looking for Mrs. Smith. Has she gone to bed? I was so—so *lonely* in my room."

"Mrs. Smith is a base, deceiving female," I replied. "She informed me an hour since that she was about to seek her widowed couch; but I have reason to believe she is at this moment indulging in unseemly rioting at the other side of the house."

"Oh, thank you! good-night."

[*Exit* Ghost, R. U. E.

Eyre gave a little laugh.

"Poor child!" I said, "she was afraid."

"Humph!"

"You heathen! You think she was trying to 'intriguer' you?"

"I know it," he pronounced.

"You are incorrigible—outrageous! What if she did wish to attract you (which I don't for a moment admit)? She wants amusement. But now!—pshaw!"

"They are all alike. Didn't I overhear Grant just now telling her, as he went up stairs, that I was sitting in this window? They are all alike. But never fear for me. 'I'm not to be had at the price.' Besides, I fancy she is too cool a hand ever to let her heart get away with her. She has it too well in hand. All the interest she will ever lavish upon your humble servant will never waste a pound of her dainty person, or take one shade of color out of those cheeks. How she does 'manager' poor Charley Bayard! . . . . Shall we drive over to Hewson's in the morning, and arrange about this picnic?"

"By all means. I suppose the women will be wild about it. You won't have some brandy and water? Well, good-night."

The breakfast-table found Eyre and Miss Kennedy laggards. Charley Bayard had long since finished his breakfast.

Eyre came at last, and held the door open for Miss Kennedy, with a sarcastic look and an impudent expression of countenance for which he deserved to have his ears boxed—and I've not the slightest doubt she longed to do it. As they both arrived together they were forced to draw lots for the payment of the fine—fifty cents (for peanuts) and a conundrum—which was always imposed upon the last, but as she confessed herself bankrupt, absolutely beggared by her investments in the inevitable fair, he agreed to draw the short straw—or loan her the amount, if she preferred—on condition of her allowing him to put three questions to her.

No! She was perfectly willing to answer questions—oh, quite so—but she considered questioning impertinent, and didn't choose to submit to it.

She caught the twinkle in Eyre's eye as she looked up, and it prompted her to inform him with a hint and dignity quite disproportioned to the occasion, "that she was not aware what possible questions he could have to ask which could afford the slightest interest to any one." But her antagonist was deep in an egg, and oblivious to all but the charms of biscuit and coffee.

"Jack," he said, suddenly looking up, "have you any chills and fever about here?"

"No," I replied; "but, as the Illinois squatter said, they sha-a-a-ke dre-a-a-dful 'bout half a mile d-d-down the r-road."

"Then it *is* prevalent about here?"

"Rosalie and I have never had it—nor the children; but the servants, new ones especially, sometimes have a shake or two."

"Then you ought to warn your visitors. I couldn't but think last night (I was restless and wakeful, and sat smoking in my window until two o'clock), as I saw the mist rolling off the hills down on to the meadows, what a jolly night it was for Johnny Ague. Didn't you think so, Miss Kennedy?"

What there was so very discomposing in the question I do not know; it was a simple question enough, but Miss Kennedy was crimson in a moment—a rare weakness with her, and put down in an instant.

"Really, Mr. Eyre, I know nothing whatever about the matter—and care less," was her composed answer. "If you feel any curiosity upon the subject, I have no doubt you can satisfy yourself by a series of personal observations."

This last was given with peculiar viciousness, as if she wished he would, and catch the devil's own ague.

I don't know how the deuce it was—any other man would have considered himself most confoundedly snubbed, but Eyre went on eating his breakfast with remarkable placidity, and an amazing relish. He *was* an owl in regard to sleeping, and a perfect sleuth-hound on the track of a feminine peccadillo; the slightest clew was enough to give him the key to a whole volume. What could the man have seen?

Miss Kennedy, however, was not the woman to succumb to any one, much less to allow an impertinence (albeit covert) to pass unpunished, and for the next fifteen minutes Eyre was as delicately and cleverly, yet as thoroughly trounced as a man need be. I marveled at him—at the perfect stolidity and ponderous quietude with which he withstood the attack; a twitch of his mustache, or a flicker of the eye, merely marking the appreciation of a connoisseur at an unusually adroit or skillful thrust. I really think the man enjoyed it; and the cool and inscrutable eye with which he rewarded her as she finished was the sublimity of mute eloquence.

"Now, Mr. Bayard," she commanded, as she arose flushed, but only half triumphant, "I expect you to pilot me to that wonderful spring to-day of which Rosalie has been telling me, precisely on the stroke of twelve. She tells me if you look into the spring and count fifty at high noon, you will see your future husband looking over your shoulder."

This sally was received with a shout of laughter, and Charley was strenuously advised by the united voice of the company not to go, or to beware how he looked over her shoulder.

* * * * * * *

As Eyre and I were returning from Hewson's I managed to get out of him (I had promised Rosalie to do it), as we drove along, that Miss Kennedy had been talking to Charley Bayard at her window until one o'clock the night before; and he bespoke my assistance to get Charley out of the way, while he spoke to Miss Kennedy at the spring.

Eyre hurried into the house and got his gun, and started off for the swamp, muttering something about a woodcock; telling Charley Bayard by the way that his dog had run off to the village, and was safe to be awfully thrashed. A few steps brought him to the wonderful spring, and there, sure enough, was the naiad, busily contemplating *something* in the spring—probably the snails. With cat-like steps he crept up and looked over her shoulder. She started up, with a face of the direst bewilderment.

"Miss Kennedy, consider yourself under arrest; you are my prisoner, and I intend to incarcerate you upon that tree trunk until you have given me a promise."

"Mr. Eyre, I protest."

"Your protest shall be noted. Now then, will you voluntarily confess to all your sins and delinquencies, and plead guilty, or must I proceed to recite my *procès verbal*, and summarily indict you according to law?"

"Nonsense, Mr. Eyre; this is the height of absurdity, and I don't understand you."

"Must I proceed to read my indictment, and recapitulate my charges against you, *seriatim et verbatim*, or will you confess at once?"

"Mr. Eyre, I insist upon your putting an end to such a farce. It may be very amusing to you, but I consider that you are infringing the limits of politeness."

"The law takes cognizance of no such word, Miss Kennedy. I am here as prosecuting counsel, and in that capacity I summon you to answer the charges pending against you, and to show cause why judgment should not be passed. I ask you again, will you confess?"

"I deny your right; and once more—"

"I enjoin you to confess."

"*I never will!*"

"Take thought, Miss Kennedy. The confession will come with a better grace from your lips than will the accusation from mine."

"I don't know what you mean."

"You do. You know that you have lately, with cruel and treacherous intent, and with culpable thoughtlessness, so looked, and acted, and spoken, as to have utterly usurped and appropriated this poor boy, heart and soul. You have invaded his heart with a cold and pitiless intent, and having established yourself there, you are remorselessly torturing his honest breast for your sole and individual pleasure. He has not a thought, or a feeling, or a wish, but centres in you. He is no longer a free agent; you rule his thoughts, his brain, his impulses, as completely as you rule his heart. Is not this enough for your vanity? Or must you see him ruined for life by a disappointment at its very outset—dragging out a listless existence, embittered by the heartlessness of the woman to whom he has given his all—the first, best, and truest feelings of his heart. He is not even lucky enough to be under the necessity of earning his bread, which might suffice as an antidote to the benumbing effects of a disappointment. His is not the nature which could bear this with impunity."

"Mr. Eyre, I beg—"

"Don't ask for my pity, Miss Kennedy, for I have none to give. It is to you, and such as you, that women are indebted for the verdict of the world which stings them so. They initiate the evil by allowing a spirit of coquetry to usurp their faculties, and the '*lex talionis*' prompts many a man to follow their example. See the evil you have done. Who will comfort this poor boy when he sees your altered manner; and when I meet him, restless and unhappy, and am forced to sit down, and take him by the hand, and tell him that he must 'go that way no more'—that his dream is ended—the play is played, and the curtain fallen; that henceforth he must know you no more, and banish you utterly from his heart? What will that poor mother say when she sees what you have done to her son; when he confides to her, with a boy's bitter tears, what has changed him so? Ay, you may sob, Miss Kennedy, but rivers of tears can not comfort that son and that mother, nor can years of repentance put that heart as you found it."

"Oh, Mr. Eyre, let me see him. I will explain all to him—indeed you are mistaken—"

"No, Miss Kennedy, you may *not* see him. That I will take upon myself. *You* can do him no good. My ministration will be bitter, but it will be wholesome; my knife will be sharp, but it will carry life; and he will need all his strength and all his pride to stand the shock."

* * * * * * *

What passed between Eyre and Charley I never knew, but the latter came home late in the afternoon, and went quietly up to his room, and began to pack his trunk I think, for the next I heard of him was a message, through a servant, that he must go to town the next day. I went up to see him, and found him quietly putting up his gun-case, and making his preparations for departure. He told me, with a proud but grave dignity, that his mother had been alone so long in town that he thought he ought to return; and then he wasn't feeling quite like himself of late, and he thought a change would do him good. Poor boy! my heart ached for him, but he was always as brave as a lion. I did not combat him, but bade him Godspeed, only exacting a promise that he should come down in the autumn.

Eyre was unusually taciturn that afternoon and evening. Something had evidently disturbed his wonted cynical indifference. Late in the evening, as I was on my way to chain up Rory, I met him coming through from the beach by the way of the coach-house.

"Jack," he broke out, as we paced slowly back to the house, "God forgive me, but I've done a cruel thing. I couldn't help it though. The boy had to be saved; but I must be a fearful hypocrite. What right had *I* to talk to that girl as I did? What is it that the Bible says, 'Let him who is without sin among you cast the first stone.' I sometimes think I am an awful villain."

A few days after the picnic we determined upon a grand spree. The whole party were to go to town by the early boat, and spend the day in the city.

If ever a vision of dazzling beauty floated before a man's eyes and stole away his senses it was Helen Kennedy, as she sat under the awning of the steamer that breezy summer morning, with her light flounces rippling in the wind, and parrying the attacks of the men with a delicate and unaffected coquetry. Poor Grant she was entirely too much for; she had wound him up to a red heat of bewilderment and despair, and dispatched him, utterly stranded and confused, to watch for Hunter's Point (which we had passed a quarter of an hour ago). It was amusing to watch her suddenly upset him with all the rollicking fun of a school-boy, and then look on at him hopelessly floundering in the mire of his bewilderment, demurely poking him farther and farther in.

Eyre was sitting by her side as serenely cool as if no perturbing comet could ever shoot within the placidity of his planetary sphere. Though he said

but little, however, he was by no means unappreciating, and I think he thoroughly enjoyed her gayety, her spirits, and her fun—more than he chose to confess, perhaps—his mouth had a very quizzical twist.

We were all to meet at Delmonico's for lunch, and I couldn't but think as Eyre offered his arm to Miss Kennedy as they walked up the wharf together, what a confounded good-looking fellow he was, in his light summer costume, with his broad shoulders and his long mustache and his stalwart limbs.

A day in town in August is no joke, and a very hot party we were, as we sat down to table at Delmonico's, and consumed vast amounts of claret and *frappéd* Champagne. Rosalie and Miss Kennedy had been transgressing orders, and infringing their contract; for besides eleven bundles (by fair count) and a hat-box they had provided themselves with—a dog.

Imagine a dog in August—in the dog-days—a little dog—a little strange dog—a little strange dog who wept and refused to be comforted—and who, when not thus engaged, insisted upon picking a quarrel with all his friends. Fancy this wretched animal quartered upon our party in addition to the box and bundles, and demanding of its unhappy owner, Miss Kennedy, the greater part of her attention and the whole of her person for his performances. (She confessed to Rosalie that he gave her a huge scratch just inside her dress.) His first proceeding was to put his legs into her soup—he then insisted upon licking her face—after which demonstration of affection his ire was excited by Rosalie's bonnet which lay upon a chair, and which he attacked with fiery growls. He wound up his performances by having a grand battle with Grant in the middle of the table over a piece of bread, with one foot in the butter, and his tail covered with ice cream.

We cut a rare figure on our way down to the boat. Miss Kennedy's attention was fully engrossed by her dog, whom Grant, much to her horror and disgust, had discovered he could excite to a pitch of explosive frenzy by squinting at him, and he continued to repeat it at short intervals in the omnibus, highly pleased with the feat.

Eyre insisted upon playing porter and carrying the hat-box from the omnibus to the boat, and making himself very hot and useful generally; but the long cool sail and the glorious afternoon cooled all our grievances, and we arrived at home very tired, but very well contented.

* * * * * * *

The summer lapsed into autumn—and Eyre was with us again, alone.

CHAPTER II.

CHARLEY BAYARD had come down by the midday train, and walked over to meet us at Rosalie's instigation. He had come up the hill at my back, just in time to make a royal double shot on a brace of plover, and to spoil mine utterly.

Eyre came up as we were picking up the birds, and it did me good to see their meeting. If ever two men loved one another I believe they did. Such perfect mutual trust and reliance was beautiful to see! Charley was very young, but I don't think a shade of jealousy ever came between them. Their sympathies, their pursuits, their purses were one.

After tea I stood looking out at the sea and the drifting gale, as it swept through the pine-trees and thundered on the desolate beach—half listening to the low-toned conversation about the fire—half thinking some unquiet, restless thoughts. It must be a thoroughly young and strong and healthy spirit which can resist the depressing influences of such a scene, or not strike a note in unison with its dreariness.

Rosalie, who was reading her letters by the fire, suddenly interrupted me by breaking out:

"Oh, Hampton!" she cried, turning to Eyre, "Helen Kennedy is coming down to-morrow to spend a week or two before Thanksgiving."

Eyre gave a grim smile, "crossed" himself, and muttered, "The saints be atune us and harm!"

Rosalie laughed out, "You wretch, I'll tell her!"

"No; but is she really coming?"

"So she says."

I stole a glance at Charley, to see how he took the news; but his face said absolutely nothing.

Well, the young lady came the next day, and Hampton was deputed to drive down to the station for her. As he was about to drive off, Rosalie made a great parade of presenting him with a charm—an amulet to protect his susceptible heart against the wiles of the siren. Deuced little need of it, it seemed to me! It was a delicate little female affair, scented and perfumed, with pink satin covering, and all that; and he got strict injunctions only to open it when "the time came."

Something had come over Miss Kennedy—a change, a nameless charm, which made her absolutely bewitching. It was not that she was gentler, quieter; her spirits were as gay and her wit as lively as ever; but there was a happy light in her eye at times, a soft smile on her parted lips, which made her dangerously attractive. I abandoned her to the other men with a Spartan virtue; but even I, *paterfamilias*, was not too old nor too insensible to feel a twinge or two of jealousy, at which that much-enduring female, the exemplary mother of the little Smiths, would have been exceeding wroth had she known it. Perhaps the confinement to the house, inseparable from the sharp wintry weather, may have quieted her spirits somewhat, but she never complained or showed symptoms of restlessness.

We had two or three delightful evenings with her music and singing (she was wonderfully accomplished in all those things), and those sober, quiet talks which autumn is so sure to bring in her train. Charley Bayard *seemed* as happy as the day was long. So our only element of awkwardness was removed. No one would have supposed, to look at him, that he was a disappointed lover. No one would have surmised, to have seen him hunting the squirrels with all the zest of a boy on our long walks, or with his sandy head and broad-backed shooting-coat (none too free from rents) bent over a burrow and urging on Rory to scratch his poor little nails off and bark himself hoarse, that the woman who held his heart-strings in her hand was standing at his elbow, equally interested with himself. All her coquetry with him was laid aside, and her demeanor to him was charming.

Eyre was the only one who did not seem to abandon himself fully to the genial influence of the moment. He seemed somehow at variance with himself, and utterly unsettled. He was at times pursued by the very demon of unrest. No room was comfortable to him at those times; no chair could be found to suit his weary restlessness. He would wander into the room and sit down abstractedly for a few moments, and in an instant he would be off again—out at the door to look at the weather, or whistle to Jack and then shut the door in his face, and march in and take up a book and turn over the leaves for a while; then he would whistle to himself, and finally post off down to the beach for a walk.

At other times he would be all himself again, and full to overflowing of life and humor; and then he was the life and soul of the party. What jolly times we had when we all got frolicking like a parcel of children, the dogs enjoying the sport quite as keenly as the rest. Jack seemed to be Miss Kennedy's especial favorite, and it was as good as a play to see her sit and talk to the dog, and teach him all sorts of odd tricks, and quaint, outlandish ways which no one else would ever have thought of, while he would stand looking at her solemnly, with his head cocked on one side and his ears pricked forward, giving a sober wag of his tail now and then, or putting on a face of the most intense doggish wisdom. This seemed to be Eyre's especial torment, and he would sit in a state of ridiculous uneasiness while it was going on, looking at her and then at the dog, then changing his seat, and finally striding out of the house, well knowing that Jack would rush after him, and betake himself to his favorite beach walk. *Once* she tried to detain the dog, and had partially succeeded, when a shrill whistle from Eyre outside was too much for Jack's affectionate eagerness, and in his struggle to get away her dress suffered to a dire degree.

She was chagrined and annoyed. She felt it more than the triviality of the circumstance seemed to warrant, and after that she never attempted to detain him.

I came upon Eyre fifteen minutes after, on my way down to the boat. He was sitting moodily on a stone gazing out over the water, with Jack lying at a little distance. Suddenly he stretched out his hand.

"Come here, Jack, my old boy," he said. "Come and talk to your master. It's a d—d bad world, and the fewer we trust in it the better. You are the only true friend after all."

I withdrew quietly and walked on, sorry and pondering.

One day Rosalie met me in the passage, with her handsome eyes as big as saucers.

"Oh, John!" she said, "what do you think I have discovered?"

"What is it, little woman? A mare's-nest, I suppose, as usual."

"I have just found Helen Kennedy fast asleep on the sofa, and her pocket-handkerchief, soaked with tears, on the floor. The poor child has cried herself to sleep."

And she exhibited the flimsy little article in a most sorry and dismal plight to be sure.

"But that is not all. You know that rose-bud that Hampton gave her in joke this morning? She had that all crumpled up and laid on her hand under her cheek!"

"Whe-u-w! So!"

"John," and her eyes looked me through and through, "what do you think?"

"I think you must be a wise little woman, and keep your own counsel."

"What a wretched, wretched business! Who could have foreseen it? What can you do?"

"Hampton must go."

We were sitting in the billiard-room, smoking, a morning or two after, when Eyre was called out of the room by a servant. I never knew until long after the purport of that message, but its consequences broke up our pleasant coterie for the winter, and scattered the inhabitants of the Gestadehof far and wide.

"Miss Kennedy would like to speak to him a moment in the east parlor."

"The weapons rust for want of use, and they are to be tried on me," was his thought. "I know it, and yet I go. What weak fools we men are!"

I can imagine Eyre's face of pitiless irony as he entered.

"What murderous project upon the peace of the male community can I now assist Miss Kennedy in perpetrating?"

"Mr. Eyre, you were always cold—you have lately been cynical—you are now cruel and unjust. I have not sought this interview only to beg for a truce—to ask for a cessation of hostilities between us—but to ask for a little of your good opinion. Not even the strongest and most self-reliant of us can be always indifferent, and bear with injustice. It is a hard world to fight against, and I sometimes feel that I want sympathy—and help." Here her lip quivered. "Why can we not be friends?"

"I can assure you, Miss Kennedy, that my feelings toward you are of the most friendly nature," said Eyre, in his coldest tone. She *felt* that his face wore that look of stony impassibility which she knew to be as unfathomable as mid ocean.

She sighed as she gazed into the fire with a quivering lip, but in a moment she put aside the weakness.

"It is hard to be repulsed when one has asked for sympathy," she continued; "but I suppose we must all fight the battle of the world alone and unassisted. Each one is too much absorbed in their own private pursuits and interests to give much thought to another. But I sometimes feel as if I wanted assistance. Why do you dislike me so, Mr. Eyre?"

"Really, Miss Kennedy, you are fond of generic terms. Dislike is a strong word."

"You do—you dislike me thoroughly—and you do me injustice in many things where I feel it most keenly. Indeed I am not so bad as you think me."

"I have no right to constitute myself your censor, Miss Kennedy. God knows I am too great a sinner myself to dare to judge my fellows."

"You have not always held those tenets, Mr. Eyre. "You allowed yourself to judge me once, and most cruelly and unrelentingly did you do it."

"It was like the surgeon and his knife, Miss Kennedy: the stroke must be made, though the flesh quivers."

"But you misconstrued me utterly."

"I acted according to the best of my knowledge and belief."

"May you not have been mistaken?"

"I think not."

"Mr. Bayard bears none of the marks of a rejected suitor."

"That, Miss Kennedy, is owing to the innate strength and manliness of his noble heart. He is as incapable of cherishing a malicious thought as was his chivalrous namesake. I have reason to know that many and bitter are the hours of suffering you have cost him."

"You may be right; and one day I trust I shall be allowed to crave his forgiveness. But may not your conclusions have been based upon false premises?"

"How?"

"I may confess it now. I might have loved Mr. Bayard—*should* have loved him—had you not withdrawn him. I thank you for it now; I can see that it was wisely done for both of us. He never—noble, and true, and manly as he is—he never could have insured my happiness. He was too young—too near my own age—to have commanded the respect which I should wish to feel."

"And you were really interested in him?"

"Be generous, Mr. Eyre. Do not abuse the advantage I have given you. Rest assured that you did me cruel injustice. Whatever may have been my thoughts and feelings, I was *not* the heartless coquette you imagined me. Can you not believe it?" she asked, with a piteous smile.

Whether it was the smile, or the tone, or a weakness which he shrank from acknowledging even to himself, his face changed to the coldest impassibility, and the smile with which he prefaced his next sentence was one of glittering irony.

"Miss Kennedy, we are both of us too old in the ways of the world to be the dupes of one another. Such a farce is utterly profitless. Rest assured that I accord you the most sincere admiration and full appreciation of your consummate tact and rare attractions; but I am the dupe neither of my own vanity nor of your finesse. If I err, it is with my eyes open and consenting."

She sat gazing at him for a few moments, white and still, and not a word came to her; and then, with an unconscious movement which brought half a sigh and half a sob, she turned herself to the fire, and was silent.

Eyre was pitiless—as he was even to himself. It was part of his nature; he could not help it. He was unrelenting even in his very pleasures; and many a time have I seen him ride through wind and rain and storm for the attainment of an insignificant object, which was valueless as soon as obtained. But he was pitiless ten-fold when he felt himself the victim of deceit.

"Is my audience at an end, Miss Kennedy?"

He had to wait long for an answer. It finally came, in a stifled voice.

"It is, Mr. Eyre. . . . . I *had* hoped to have justified myself—to have earned your respect—but that is all over now." And then the bitter tears came unrestrained and overflowing.

Eyre had seen tears before—bitter tears of agony and remorse and shame—and his stern nature had never relented; no hesitation or weakness had ever come to him then. Why did he hesitate now?"

But he did hesitate, and stood still—waiting until the storm should have passed, and the lull succeeded.

She wept on, utterly unmindful of him, until her tears were exhausted—more and more quietly as relief came to her; and then she sat, with brimming eyes, gazing into the fire.

"I don't know, Miss Kennedy," he said, hesitatingly; "I suppose I must ask your pardon if I have done you injustice, but what can I do. I have been brought up in a hard school, and it has taught me to trust no one, to suspect all men, and to reject whatever comes to me in an alluring or seductive guise. It may be the consciousness of my own weakness, but I must guard it the more jealously—it may be that I go too far, but I err upon the safe side. Heretofore life has but too thoroughly justified my convictions. As yet I have never met with truth, I have never met with honor, I have never met with friendship when put to the test save once—though that noble instance goes far to redeem all. I have had a bitter experience, Miss Kennedy, of which the world knows but little, and out of my weariness I often ask myself, *cui bono?*"

"And yet you seem happy or careless. I often envy you your weighty calm, your strong, healthy, self-reliant nature. I doubt if any ordinary shock could ever move you, if any unwonted influence could ever disturb the tenor of your life. You never feel the want of a friend to guide and counsel you."

"I have learned the folly of it."

"But *I* have not, Mr. Eyre. Why can you not be a friend to me?" she asked, holding out her hand beseechingly, and with quivering lips.

Eyre's color forsook him for an instant, and he walked to the window. Her eyes followed him sadly but tearlessly.

"Is it possible that your antipathy can be so strong?" she murmured. "What can I have done to have repelled you so. Can I be so unamiable, so inestimable that I never can know a true friend?" and her eyes filled with hot tears of bitter regret.

Eyre struggled long and manfully, as he stood with the impetuous surging rush of passion, the hot and fiery impulse of lusty youth, and when at last he turned, the knotted veins were standing out upon his forehead.

"Do not try me too sorely, Miss Kennedy. Do not abuse your power, and trample me utterly into the dust. I am a man, and I share the weakness of men." Then all the barriers of his reserve and caution seemed to give way, and he was swept onward by the impetuous torrent of his love, carrying with it thought, memory, prudence, right—all were swept away. "Yes I, Miss Kennedy—I who have prided myself upon my indifference, my coldness, and my caution—I, old in the ways of the world and despising it, too wary for its wiles, too strong for its allurements; I, Miss Kennedy—hear it, and add it to the triumphs of your vanity—I have succumbed to your fascinations, I have surrendered to a woman! Laugh at me, point at me, say I deserve it! I acknowledge it, and that I have walked into the snare knowingly, weakly, and with my eyes open. Let me confess it now, and make my discomfiture complete. I will humble my pride to the dust. Many a time have I sat in the hall below by the hour together, listening for the sound of your footstep above, thinking myself doubly repaid if I but caught the rustle of your dress. Yes, blind, infatuated idiot that I was, I have walked behind you and plucked the flowers that your dress has brushed against, and fondled Jack in secret for the caresses you had bestowed upon him. I have sat in my window at night watching the light from your window upon the grass and the shadows crossing it, and have walked my room till daylight listening if you stirred. I am a precious dolt, am I not?"

Miss Kennedy sat with clasped hands and parted lips, the hue of all the roses glowing in her cheek; a startled, joyful light shining in her eyes.

"Oh, Hampton!"

That was all she said; a simple word enough, but the tone thrilled to the remotest fibres of his frame. For one single instant he stood drinking in the intoxicating delirium, the next he strode to the mantle-piece and buried his head in his arms with a groan.

Miss Kennedy started up to approach him, but he motioned her away.

"Spare me, Miss Kennedy, spare me, spare me!" he groaned. God help me! I am a wretched unfortunate; I have a wife who has been an inmate of a *maison de santé* these eight years past!"

She stood, looking long at him, with wild eyes and parted lips, the color going out of her lips as she sank down on the sofa.

"Miss Kennedy—Helen—say that you do not love me!" cried Eyre, springing toward her and grasping her hand as she sank down; but the pulse was gone—she had fainted.

With one long, passionate kiss, he laid her back upon the sofa, and hurriedly pulling the bell, he strode out of the room. I met him in the hall, and, with bloodshot eyes, he told me to send Rosalie to Miss Kennedy instantly.

* * * * * * *

The Gestadehof was deserted; its inmates were scattered, and the wintry gales and the snow had it all to themselves. Eyre and Charley Bayard were in England; they had gone abroad immediately after our breaking up, "for a year," Charley said; "forever, he hoped," was Eyre's aspiration. They had wandered, for eighteen months, through France, Italy, Germany, Switzerland, Spain, the Mediterranean, Egypt, the Red Sea, Cairo, and now they had wintered in England for the fox-hunting. Miss Kennedy had gone South immediately with a relative, and, after a prolonged stay, we had heard that her health was not good, and she was going to Italy.

One morning Rosalie came running into the room, and upset my coffee cup in her eagerness.

"Oh, John," she cried, "just look at this!"

And in the London *Illustrated News* was the following announcement:

"On Thursday, the 21st inst., at St. George's, Hanover Square, by the Very Reverend the Bishop of ——, Helen, daughter of the late James Wheaton Kennedy, Esq., to John Hampton Eyre, Esq., all of the city of New York. American papers will please copy."

And, sure enough, our letters by the same mail brought us a "full, true, and particular account" of the "Hanover Square event," as Eyre called it, with strict injunctions to open the Gestadehof as soon as possible, as they meant to favor us by the next steamer—Mrs. John Hampton Eyre having signified her intention to that effect, "*sur le champ*," *de l'eglise?*

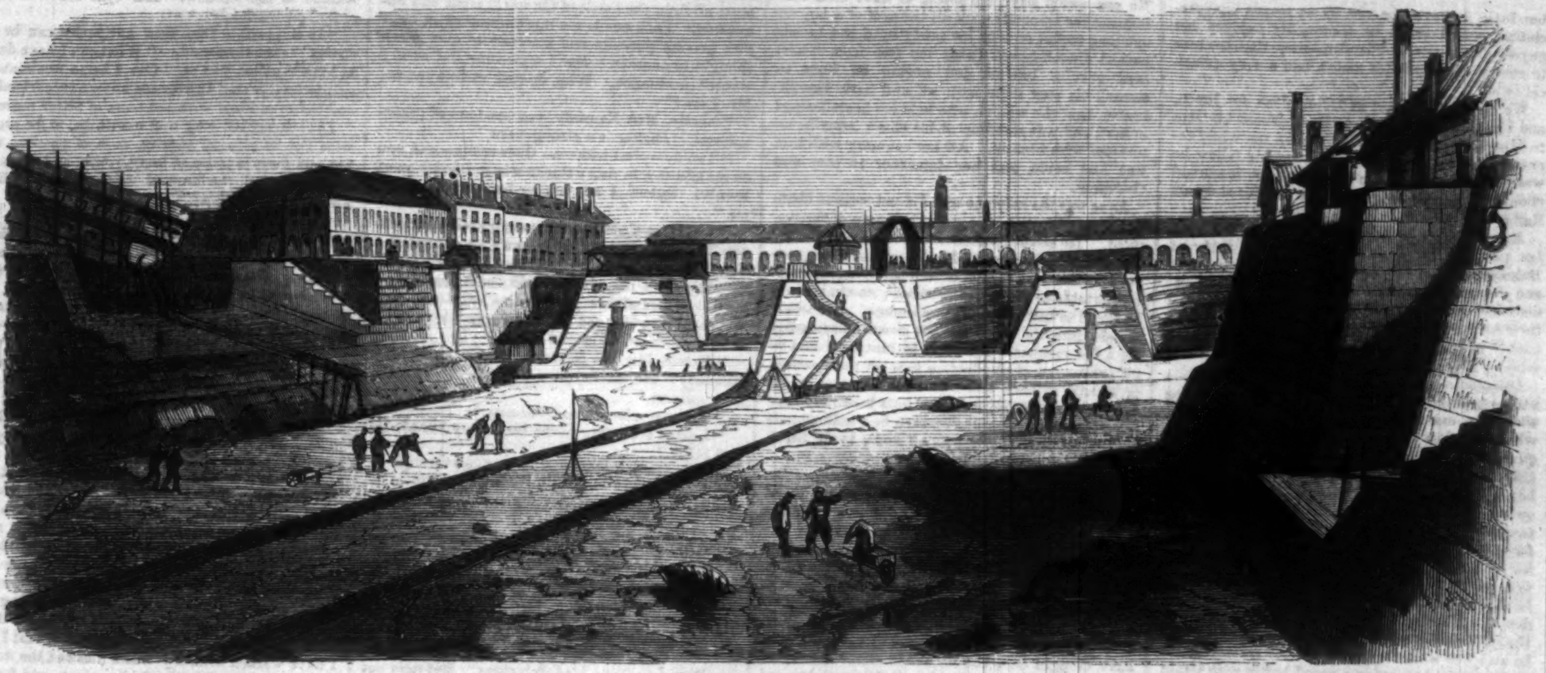
Eyre's poor wife had died six months after he went abroad, and released him from the terrible thralldom to which he had been a slave for eight years; and a few hints to judicious friends had sufficed to accomplish the rest.

We had a jolly reassembling down at the old place. We were all there—all the old set—and Grant, as good-natured as ever, though not yet married. Heaven save the mark! but his marriage was a sublime affair. I may be tempted one day to write its history.

I used quite frequently to happen into Eyre's dressing-room, to consult him about our plans. One day I found the door ajar, and walked in without knocking. I found him standing before the glass quite still and absorbed. I went up to him and looked over his shoulder. It was Rosalie's charm he held in his hand, which had been hidden in a crack of his drawer all these long months, and now turned up just when it was *not* needed. It contained only three words:

"Remember your wife."

Her woman's perceptions had been prescient.



THE NEW BASIN AT CHERBOURG.

CHERBOURG.

WE herewith place on record, as landmarks in the progress of practical science, two views of the great basin of Cherbourg, which has just been inaugurated by the Emperor of the French in presence of the Queen of Great Britain and a number of other famous people.

For the better understanding of the great work which has just been completed, it must be said that Cherbourg was naturally a miserable sea-port. The French shore of that channel which the English call the British Channel, and the French La Manche, or the Sleeve, is unhappily badly provided with secure harbors. Havre is molested by a shifting sand-bank, and is unfitted by other causes from being a navy dépôt. Cherbourg, protected on two sides from the winds, and situate just opposite the Isle of Wight, naturally presented itself as a proper home for national vessels. Unfortunately—protected as it was on two sides—it was so unprotected on the others, that in 1692, when a French fleet sailed thenceforth at the instigation of the exiled King James the Second, it was met by the English Admiral, beaten, chased in and out of Cherbourg, and at last utterly destroyed. Again, sixty years afterward, the English and French being as usual at war, Cherbourg was successfully attacked by a British squadron, captured, gutted, and abandoned. These accidents set the rulers of France thinking about the defenses of the port. Vauban drew a plan, the gist of which consisted in a breakwater; but the Great Monarch (as the wretched doll known as Louis XIV. was called) had no money to spare, and the plan remained on paper for over a century.

The first practical beginning of useful work at Cherbourg took place in 1782. In that year the first cone or pier was sunk; it was intended to follow it up with a series of similar cones, the whole to constitute a breakwater. From 1782 to 1790 nine million cubic feet of stone were lodged on the line traced out by the engineers for the breakwater. But so imperfect was the plan, and so spasmodic the exertions, that as fast as the cones were sunk they were destroyed by storms; and in 1790, when the whole work was reviewed, it was found that all that had been done was thrown away. It is said that the last remains of the cones or piers which had cost so much money were destroyed by a peculiar species of *teredo* or worm: it is not stated, however, whether the worm in question had two legs and walked erect.

Napoleon the First saw the necessity of making Cherbourg a safe naval port, and directed the works to be continued on Vauban's plan. They were accordingly prosecuted with success for several years, and strong hopes of their perfect completion were entertained till, one stormy night in 1808, a terrible gale set in, and not only destroyed all that had been done, but engulfed two hundred of the workmen and a heavy battery of guns which had been placed on the breakwater. The Emperor was not the man, however, to be discouraged by an accident. As soon as he had leisure to devote his mind to the subject, in 1811, he gave orders for the revival of the works. They were accordingly resumed, and some substantial progress had been made at the time the combined despotisms of Europe restored the Bourbon dynasty. Thirteen years then elapsed without adding a stone to the breakwater. In 1828, Charles the Tenth, who as a young man had reported on Cherbourg for the Government of Louis XVI., spent some money in following out the plans of the Emperor. His overthrow caused a delay of ten years. In 1840, Louis Philippe resumed the work, and prosecuted it with some vigor. It was continued by the Government of 1848, and at length, in 1853, Napoleon the Third had the satisfaction of completing the breakwater. It is thus described:

The breakwater, the upper portion of which is in masonry, has for base an immense artificial embankment 2¼ miles in length, by about 200 feet in width, its average height being fifty feet. It is in two unequal parts, forming at their point of intersection an obtuse angle toward the sea of 169 degrees. In general terms, the Cherbourg breakwater may be described as presenting a mass of rubble-stone, of the length and breadth above stated, having a slope from the bed of the sea to the level of nearly 22 feet below high-water line of spring tides, toward the roads in the ratio of one base to one in height (1 to 1). The top of the mass then has a much more gentle inclination, for in the width of 19½ feet its inner summit attains the level of 15¼ feet below high-water line, and there it stops against a wall, almost vertical, rising 7 feet above the same high-water line or datum.

THE WATER RUSHING INTO THE NEW BASIN, AUGUST 7, 1858.

There is a level platform at this height of 20½ feet wide on the eastern arm, and 21 feet wide on the western arm; and beyond it there is a solid masonry parapet (about 5 feet high, and rather more than 8 feet wide) toward the sea. The outer line of this parapet is, in fact, in the continuation of the sea-face of the wall, and the latter has been built of coursed and dressed masonry, laid with the greatest care, and composed of the very best materials, upon a general bed of hydraulic concrete 5 feet thick, laid over the loose rubble hearting. The bottom of the concrete is about 29 feet below datum. Beyond the edge of the masonry which protects the foot of the vertical wall, the top of the rubble hearting of the breakwater has assumed a slope of 1 in 10 toward the open sea under the influence of storms. This slope continues until the top line has descended to 47 feet below datum, and thence it continues to the bottom at the rate of 1½ to 1.

The small materials used in the hearting of the breakwater are naturally exposed to be displaced by storms. Of late, however, a very effectual mode of protecting the sea slope has been adopted, consisting of huge artificial blocks, cubing not less than 26 yards, placed upon those portions of the breakwater which are most exposed to the effects of the sea. These blocks are composed of rubble masonry and of Portland cement mortar, the cement being English.

The entire cost of the breakwater has been nearly £3,000,000 sterling. The expense, however, is comparatively trifling when the result obtained is taken into consideration. No matter how tempestuous may be the weather, a sure and safe anchorage exists within its shelter for about fifty sail of the line, and as many frigates.

There are three floating docks, or great basins, at Cherbourg. The first was inaugurated in 1813, by Marie Louise, acting for the Emperor. It was hewn out of the solid rock, and cost ten years' labor. The second was opened on 25th August, 1829, under the government of Louis Philippe. The third is the one to which Louis Napoleon has given his name. It was commenced on 28th June, 1836. The mode in which the stubborn rock was hewn was by a process of mining never hitherto attempted on so large a scale. Shafts were sunk, in the first instance, from which galleries were cut in various directions, which were charged with gunpowder, and exploded by the electric spark. The upheaving and rolling of these immense masses of solid rock, which followed the explosion, formed a series of most imposing spectacles, which were witnessed with great interest by the people of the town. The rock, having been loosened, was removed by trucks on a railway, and thrown into an indented part of the coast called St. Anne's Bay.

The new basin is less in extent than the two others combined, but is greater than either taken separately. In it room can be found for fourteen men-of-war, and the amount of water it will contain is estimated at 1,600,000 cubic metres. The ceremony of flooding it took place on August 7. The Emperor and Empress and their suite were the last persons who trod the cement and granite floor which was to be forever covered with water. But, alas! the long-expected immersion, as a spectacle, was a total failure. The water was to have been let into the excavation, in a great and sudden rush, through one of the two locks that connect this inner basin with the two smaller ones between it and the sea. The water, it was thought, was sufficiently controlled by a dam and caisson. The dam, as already described, was constructed of earth, inclosing a mine at its base. This should have kept the water at the level of the outside dock, while the caisson was floated away. The dam would then have been the only barrier between the vast empty space and the external docks, and, finally, the sea itself. But when the water was admitted up to the dam, either the flood was stronger or the barrier weaker than had been calculated. One end of it was washed away, the mine was destroyed, and it was too late to remedy the disaster. So the great *coup* of the day—the anticipated explosion, the sudden rush of the element, and its first dash and spread over the immense granite level, were all lost.

The ceremony, such as it was, is thus described by an eye-witness:

"At half past twelve their Majesties, with a numerous staff and suite, arrived at the port. Cannon from all the forts announced their approach, gensd'armes were seen trotting across the bridge beyond the broken dam, followed by the escort and a line of carriages. They soon arrived at the triumphal arch leading to the pavilion, around which were grouped all varieties of uniforms. A few minutes afterward, the Emperor and Empress entered it. Whatever the Emperor has to do in public he dispatches with the most business-like celerity. Immediately after his arrival he descended the long wooden stairs that led down to the bottom of the dock. He had the Empress on his arm. They were followed by all the staff and the ladies in attendance, a very brilliant train. A group was formed round the inauguration stone, under which was placed the usual coins and records, amidst the firing of cannon and acclamations of the public. The ceremony was soon over—all the ceremonies have been very brief—and the imperial party reascended. Now ought to have come the grand spectacle, the admission of the waters; the Emperor would have given the signal, the mine would have been fired, and in one mighty bound would have taken possession of it. But its actual entrance was more quiet, it was even humble; a subdued stream from a sluice, opened without noise, crept in and spread itself imperceptibly over the space. There was nothing more to be done, except the bestowal of a blessing on the work by the Bishop of Coutances, with the same state and attendance as the inauguration of a railroad, and the same chanting and prayers. The Bishop and clergy were stationed on the quay, nearly under the stern of the Ville de Nantes. The ecclesiastical ceremony was much longer than the secular form that preceded it. At its conclusion the Emperor commenced a tour of all the workshops and departments of the port. The public dispersed; but of many the retreat was cut off, half-way out, by a line of gens d'armes, and, alas! a bridge withdrawn, which said even more inexorably, 'You can't pass here!' A long circuit of the establishment, through and round the fortified *enceinte*, and out of the western gate, increased the distance to the town to a plurality of miles."

The English have got a queer idea into their heads that Cherbourg is a menace to them. They cling to it with British pertinacity. In fact, the Emperor has only completed a work on which all his predecessors had labored; and which will be a far greater ally to commerce—the chief foe to war—than any thing the French have done this half century.

Miscellany.

—AN English officer who had charge of a gun at the taking of Delhi, and entered the city among the first, thus tells

How a Pandy was Shot.

At the bend of the lane there was a huge tree in which one Pandy had managed to ensconce himself, and, dodging behind a large branch, he avoided every shot we fired at him, while three of our men fell beneath his fatal aim. Two were wounded, and one killed. Sitting close by me were two Afghan Pathans, squatting on their haunches, smoking, and calmly gossiping in Pushtoo. They belonged, I think, to the Guides, but having somehow or other got separated from their corps, probably in the search for loot, had thought my little nook, protected as it was by the picket and guns, as safe and comfortable a place of refuge as they could find. I touched one of these fellows on the shoulder, and said to him, in Pushtoo,

"You Pathans are great shots; why don't you knock that Pandy off that tree?"

"Sahib," said he, "since you wish it, I will kill that Pandy; but why do not the red coats kill him?"

So saying, he raised himself slowly, put up his hookah, and proceeded with great deliberation to load his matchlock, a weapon with a barrel about six feet long, a straight stick for a stock, round which the live-match was wound, and very small bore. Down this he poured a handful of very coarse powder, over that rammed down the ball, and over the ball a bit of cloth, then primed, but all with the greatest gravity and solemnity; then, salaming to me, he dashed across the street, avoiding a shower of balls, and disappeared in a shop on the opposite side, nor was he seen again for some time—rather to my alarm.

We had waited for about a quarter of an hour, when suddenly an old Pathan clutched me by the arm, and pointed. I looked out in the direction indicated, and at that moment the gentleman in the tree fired at us. Suddenly, from the roof of a house close to the tree, up rose our friend, calm and deliberate as ever. He shifted his aim two or three times, and then fired, and over rolled Pandy, from the tree to the roof, from the roof to the street, shot through the forehead.

—When the fight was over the officer took a stroll about the streets, in the course of which he met with an

Adventure in a Zenana.

I was close to a huge gateway, when I detected a movement behind one of the wooden gates, which was open and folded back; a moment's delay might be death. I drew my sword and cocked my revolver. An old Mussulman tottered out, and, falling at my feet, clasped me round the legs and begged for mercy. I questioned him as to who he was, what he was doing, to whom the house belonged, et cetera. For some minutes he could not articulate for fear; but as soon as he saw that I had no intention of hurting him his instincts returned, and he commenced lying with great volubility; so, catching him by the arm, and holding my pistol to his forehead, I desired him to show me over the house, clearly explaining to him that, whatever happened to myself, if he led me into any trap I would blow his brains out. . . . .

We proceeded together to the door of the zenana, and, after some expostulation from within, were admitted, passing through two or three passages, and crossing once or twice the roofs of houses. We at length reached an apartment where three old women were spinning, and a fourth lay on a bed crying passionately. The room might have been called the Temple of Luxury. Large, lofty, and with arched ceilings, the upper walls were covered with illuminative designs; round the room, for about the height of six feet, a kind of padded wainscoting of yellow silk was fastened, so as to form an easy back for the lounger sitting on Turkish cushions, while rich carpets covered the floor. Opening from either side of the apartment were the gussul-khana, or bathing-rooms; the buruf-khana, or ice-house; the baberchi-khana, or kitchens: all fitted up in the most splendid manner with all the apparatus of luxury. Round the room were ranged atta-dans, or perfume-boxes; pan-dans, or pawn-boxes; and peek-dans, or spittoons, of solid silver. Two hookas—one lighted and ready for use—literally covered with gold, turquoise, and emerald—caught my sight; and two small gold lamps, studded with alternate diamonds and rubies, and inscribed with verses from the Koran, gave out a strong perfume and a bright light, in front of an enormous mirror which occupied one end of the room. Were I to say that the effect produced on the mind by the appearance of this apartment was a blaze of gold, silver, and jewelry, I should not exaggerate. The old women, seeing me, dropped their wheels, and, falling on their knees, howled for mercy; while the lady on the charpoy, in whom I recognized my former vision, buried her head in a shawl and wept more violently than before. I made the old man assure the women of their safety, and stepped up to her and whispered in her ears a few words in her native tongue. She slowly raised her head and drew up her vail. A face more lovely I never beheld. She asked if I intended to kill her. I replied with assurances of comfort and protection.

I arranged a plan for her. That evening, disguised as a boy, she and her attendants passed through the gates of the city, and she reached my tents in safety, with all her property in money, jewels, shawls, and clothes. My servants were too old and too confidential to blab; and as I gave my own tent entirely to her and her servants, and returned to sleep in the city, with directions that no one should be allowed inside my inclosure, the adventure was never known. Two days afterward I contrived her safe escape to the Punjab, with all her portable property and servants, including my ancient guide, who blessed me most fervently when we parted, and requested Heaven to make me a General quickly—a prayer which I hope may be granted; but I rather doubt it.

—BISHOP WHATELY thus points out the differences between

Grace and Elegance.

Grace is, in a great measure, a natural gift; elegance implies cultivation, or something of more artificial character. A rustic, uneducated girl may be graceful; but an elegant woman must be accomplished and well trained. It is the same with things as with persons; we talk of a graceful tree, but of an elegant house or other building. Animals may be graceful, but they can not be elegant. The movements of a kitten or a young fawn are full of grace; but to call them elegant animals would be absurd. Lastly, "elegant" may be applied to mental qualifications, which "graceful" never can. Elegance must always imply something that is made or invented by man. The general rule is, that elegance is the characteristic of art; and grace, of nature.

—HERE is a philosopher's opinion of

Women:

Women remark manners far more than characters. The mental force which might be compressed and pointed into a javelin to pierce quite through a character, they splinter into little tiny darts to stick all over the features, complexion, attitude, drapery, etc. How often have I entered a room with the embarrassment of feeling that all my motions, gestures, postures, dress, etc., were critically appreciated and self-complacently condemned; but at the same time with the bold consciousness that the inquisition could reach no further. I have said within myself, "My character—that is, the man—laughs at you behind this vail. I may be Satan for what you can tell; and you would not perceive, neither, if I were an angel of light."—JOHN FOSTER.

Random Readings.

'Tis with our judgments as our watches; none are just alike, yet each believes his own.—POPE.

The body sins not; 'tis the will
That makes the action good or ill.—HERRICK.

I call by the name of wisdom, knowledge rich and varied, digested and combined, and pervaded through and through by the light of the Spirit of God.—DR. ARNOLD.

The gods in bounty work up thorns about us,
That give mankind occasion to exert
Their hidden strength, and throw out into practice
Virtues that shun the day, and lie concealed
In the smooth seasons and the calms of life.

Nothing is more absurd than the common notion of instruction: as if science were to be poured into the mind like water into a cistern, that passively waits to receive all that comes.—HARRIS.

Admiration must be continued by that novelty which first produced it; and how much soever is given, there must always be reason to imagine that more remains.—JOHNSON.

Act well at the moment, and you will have performed a good action to all eternity.—LAVATER.

GENIUS AND VIRTUE.—Genius has limits, virtue has none: and every one pure and good can become purer and better still.—RICHTER.

GOD'S LOVE.—To do good is of the very nature of God, as it is the nature of fire to warm, and of light to shine.—CLEMENT OF ALEXANDRIA.

PLEASURE.—All pleasures must be bought at the price of pain. The difference between false pleasure and true pleasure is just this—for the true, the price is paid before you enjoy it; for the false, after you enjoy it.—JOHN FOSTER.

As every thread of gold is valuable, so is every minute of time; and as it would be great folly to shoe horses—as Nero did with gold—so it is to spend time in trifles.—MASON.

Science is too lofty for measurement by the yard of utility; too inestimable for expression by a money standard. These groveling ideas of the objects of science, which constantly jar it in its intercourse with the world, ought to find no response in the breast of any devotee who would draw inspiration from its shrine.—PROFESSOR PLAYFAIR.

TRUE HOSPITALITY.—It is an excellent circumstance that hospitality grows best where it is most needed. In the thick of men it dwindles and disappears, like fruits in the thick of a wood; but where man is planted sparsely, it blossoms and matures, like apples on a standard or espalier. It flourishes where the inn and the lodging-house can not exist, and dies out where they thrive and multiply.—HUGH MILLER.

LOVE AND HOPE.

I have heard many say
Love lives on hope; they know not what they say.
Hope is Love's happiness, but not its life.
How many hearts have nourished a vain flame
In silence and in secret, though they knew
They fed the scorching fire that would consume them!

Ignorance is the curse of God;
Knowledge the wing wherewith we fly to heaven.
SHAKSPEARE.

A brave man thinks no one his superior who does him an injury; for he has it then in his power to make himself superior to the other by forgiving it.—POPE.

The person whose clothes are extremely fine I am too apt to consider as not being possessed of any superiority of fortune, but resembling those Indians who are found to wear all the gold they have in the world in a bob at the nose.—GOLDSMITH.

A Christian is the highest style of man.—YOUNG.

Adversity borrows its sharpest sting from our impatience.—HORNE.

Oh, Death! thou strange, mysterious power, seen every day, yet never understood but by the uncommunicative dead, what art thou?—LILLO.

Work with boldness and with speed,
On greatest actions greatest dangers feed.

God gave you that gifted tongue of yours, and set it between your teeth to make known your true meaning to us, not to be rattled like a muffin-man's bell.—CARLYLE.

Our actions are our own; their consequences belong to Heaven.—FRANCIS.

THINGS WISE AND OTHERWISE.

A FEW evenings since, a gay party of Astorians were enjoying a moonlight sail upon the East River, when it was proposed to stop and visit Fort Schuyler. "For what purpose?" asked Wormwood; "what will be done when we go there?" "What will be done!" replied the mover of the proposition (a waggish Astorian), "why the soldiers *will present* arms, and the ladies *will fall in!*"

A FLORAL SENTIMENT.—If you wish for "Heart's-ease," never look to "Marry gold."

The surest way to lose your health is to be all the time drinking that of other folks.

A CAPTAIN OF THE OLD SCHOOL.—Another fine old sailor of the past day, as brave as Cæsar, but whose Commentaries, if he had written them, might not have been quite so good (as the schoolmaster had not gone abroad in his youth), commanded a ship of the line at Trafalgar, and pushing, as he would be sure to do, into the thickest of the fight, had two or three of the enemy's ships belaboring him at the same time; the *sauve tête*, or splinter netting, was cut away, and having knocked him down, entangled him in the meshes. On getting clear, stunned and excited by the blow, he cried out, "Let un come on, let un come on; let a dozen on un come on—I'm blowed if I strikes—I'll never strike—no, never—to nobody whatsomdever!" And a most effective speech this was; it was heard on one deck and repeated on the others in the pauses of the firing, and the hearty guffaw with which it was received was more exhilarating than any amount of blank verse.

Why is the letter S like a sewing machine?—Because it makes needles needless!

We are sent to the ant to learn industry; to the dove to learn innocency; to the serpent to learn wisdom; and why not go to the robin redbreast, who chants as cheerfully in winter as in summer, to learn equanimity and patience?

A Hibernian had come far to see Niagara, and while he gazed upon it, a friend asked him if it was not the most wonderful thing he had ever seen. To which he replied, "Never a bit, man; never a bit! Sure, it's no wonder at all that the wather should fall down there, for I'd like to know what could hinder it."

THE FIRST GRAY HAIRS.

A silver tress is 'mid thy hair
I never saw before—
The first that time hath woven there,
To warn thee youth is o'er!
But think not I can love thee less
Because thy youth departs;
Ah, no! that little silver tress
More closely binds our hearts!

It is decreed that youth must pass,
Why should it be deplor'd?
For in our child (as in a glass)
I see thy charms restored!
Thy gentle smile plays o'er her face;
And nut-brown is her hair—
Like thine, sweet love! ere I could trace
One tress of silver there.

Those people who turn up their noses at the world might do well to reflect that it is as good a world as they were ever in, and a much better one than they are likely ever to get into again.

Here is a specimen brick of slang advertising, cut from a late London paper:

ONCE TRY, YOU'LL COME AGAIN
TO HARRIS'S
(Established upward of 20 years),
SLAP UP TOG, AND OUT AND OUT KICKSIES BUILDER,
1 B*** H***, HATTON GARDEN,
23 ditto (late Driscoll's), and
33 W***** STREET, SOMERS TOWN.

Mr. H. nabs the chance of putting his customers awake that he has just made his escape from India, not forgetting to clap his mawleys upon some of the right sort of Cotton, when, on his return home, he was stunned to find one of the top manufacturers of Manchester had cut his lucky, and stepped off to the Swan Stream, leaving behind him a valuable Stock of Moleskins, Cords, Cloths, Doeskins, etc., and having some ready in his kick, grabbed the chance, stepped home with the swag, and is now safely landed at his crib. He can turn out Toggery of every description very slap up, at the following low prices for

READY GILT—TICK BEING NO GO.

Upper Benjamins, built on a downy plan, a monarch to half a finnuff. Slap up Cloth Togs, 1 pound 1 quarter and a peg. Moleskin ditto, any color, lined with the same, 1 couter. A pair of Kerseymere Kicksies, any color, built very slap up, with the artful dodge, a canary. Pair of stout cord ditto, built in the "Melton Mowbray" style, half a sov. Pair of Broad Cord ditto, made very saucy, 9 bob and a kick. Pair of Moleskin, all colors, built hanky-spanky, with double fakement down the side, and artful buttons at bottom, half a monarch. Pair of stout ditto, built very serious, 9 times. Pair of out and out fancy sleeve Kicksies, cut to drop down on the trotters, 2 bulls. Waist Togs, cut long, with moleskin back and sleeves, 12 peg. Cloth ditto, cut slap, 14 peg.

Mud Pipes, Knee Caps, and Trotter Cases, built very low.

A decent allowance made to Seedy Swells, Tea Kettle Purgers, Head Robbers, and Flunkeys out of Collar.

N.B.—Gentlemen finding their own Broady can be accommodated.

☞ OBSERVE THE ADDRESS!

SERIOUS REMARK BY A ROGUE.—A sanctified thief, hearing of the proposed bill for the greatly required improvement of the law in criminal cases, made a grimace, and said, "It will increase our trials!"

A TOAST FOR YOUNG AMERICA.—"Here's to the Flag of Stars and Stripes, and may it dash its stars if it doesn't soon outstripe the entire world!"

THE LETTER X.—In algebra x stands for an unknown quantity. It is pretty nearly the same with Beer. Double X and Treble X only too frequently stand for an "unknown quantity"—of hops.

A noted miser, having relented so much as to give a beggar a sixpence, suddenly dying soon after, the attendant physician gave it as his opinion it was from *enlargement of the heart*.

"With all thy faults I love thee *still*," as the man said to his wife when she was giving him a curtain lecture.

"Westminster Hall," said pompous Lord Thurlow, "is open alike to the richest and the poorest." "Yes, my lord," said Erskine, "and so is the London Tavern."

A young physician, a recent graduate, was asked why he had not gone to see his father, who had just died. The father lived in Indiana, the son in Virginia. He replied, that "the intense torridity of the circumambient atmosphere had, by its condensation, so diluted the placid aqueous fluid of the enormous River Ohio, that, with the most superlative reluctance, I had to procrastinate a premeditated egress into the palatinate province, until the morbid excitement of the pericranium had extinguished the vital spark."

A celebrated oculist being called on the stand as a witness in a court of justice—one of the counsel asked him "if he was present at the transaction." Brief-wit anticipated the oculist and said, "Surely you know he is an *eye* witness."

Men are very apt, in relating any incident, to express themselves in terms belonging to their own especial business or profession. Here is a case in point. An acquaintance of ours who had recently been appointed to the office of sexton in a neighboring town, and who was fully sensible of the importance of the office, met us the other day, and, after the usual salutations, said to us, "You know old Jim D——, down in our town?" "Oh yes," we answered. "Well," said he, "we've *got him under.*"

The learned and venerable Chief Justice of the State of M——, sometimes condescends to joke. A lawyer had been for some time arguing a point of law before him, which his honor evidently considered of no importance. At length the counsel, to illustrate his point, commenced, "Now, may it please your honor, suppose I had a horse." The old Chief leaned over the bench and interrupted the speaker with, "A switch tail, or a bob tail, Brother B——? It may make a material difference in this case." The counsel's argument, and the rest of the bar, instantly collapsed.

A strong verdict was rendered by a coroner's jury and is now on file in the clerk's office in one of the counties of Iowa. It is in these words:

"We find the deceased came to his death by a visitation of God, and not by the hand of violence. We also find upon the body a pocket-book, containing $2, a check on Fletcher's Bank for $250, and *two horses, a wagon, and some butter, eggs, and feathers.*"

The inquiring mind imagines the size of the pocket-book, and the capacity of the pocket in which the horses were stabled.

The best shot ever heard of has been made in Calais, Maine, where a gentleman fired, in midnight darkness, at the *bark* of a dog, and the next morning found the animal dead, the bullet having hit him in the throat. The entire race of Englishmen, from Gordon Cumming down to any undistinguishable Cockney, may be safely challenged to beat this.

Yankees are universally *allowed* to be unexcelled in asking questions, but unite Irish loquacity with Yankee interrogation and the cup is full. A girl of Irish descent, but raised in Vermont, was rebuked by the lady with whom she was living for her interminable propensity to ask questions. Closing the rebuke, the lady remarked, "You beat the Jews to ask questions." When, true to nature, the girl replied, "Do the Jews ask many questions?"

Lord Byron once said: "You never know a man's temper until you have been imprisoned on board of a ship with him, or a woman's until you have married her."

INSTINCT OF ANIMALS.—No horse ever found a mare's nest. That discovery can only be made by a donkey.

When does a cow become real estate? When turned into a field.

A man in Vermont was so dirty that the assessors taxed him as real estate.

Washington visiting a lady in his neighborhood, on leaving the house a little girl was directed to open the door. He turned to the child and said, "I am sorry, my little dear, to give you so much trouble." "I wish, Sir," she replied, "it was to let you in."

A Mr. Downing, of Red Wing, Minnesota, was pursued by a mad ox, and only saved himself by roosting in a burr-oak tree, which he had barely time to reach, but where he sat in safety, looking down with little compassion, and very much angry passion, at the ox who was trying the temper of his horns in an ill-tempered manner, by butting the butt of the tree. These are Minnesota puns.

Dr. Samuel Johnson abominated puns. He defines *punster*, "a low wit who endeavors at reputation by double meaning." And he even carries this bitter feeling onward to the poor word *puny* (ranked as a substantive), of which he gives this definition: "A young, inexperienced, *unseasoned wretch!*" *Vide* Dictionary. Signor Catintestine, the Italian tutor at the Academy, also detests this species of bogus wit. He discovers, sometimes, specimens in *Harper*, in *Punch*, in *Leslie*, and others of that class. Occasionally he is shocked by the shadow of one of these horrors, even in a daily print! He declared, no longer ago than last Friday, that every man who dared to pen a pun should be sent for *pun*ishment to the *pen*itentiary.

FINANCIAL AND COMMERCIAL.

FRANKLIN SQUARE, *Monday, Sept.* 6, 1858.

THE foreign trade of the port for the past week compares as follows with that of the corresponding week last year:

	Imports.	Exports.
Week ending Sept. 4, 1858	$3,530,472....	$1,297,958
Corresponding week, 1857	3,576,962....	1,149,011
Decrease................	$46,490	
Increase..................		$148,947

The export of specie was only $562,087; rather more than a like sum was paid into the Sub-treasury on account of duties and the new loan. The prospect is therefore that the banks now really hold about as much as their last weekly average showed, namely something under twenty-eight millions.

Money is a shade dearer than it was. It may be quoted at 3½ @ 4½ on call loans; and at 4½ @ 7 for commercial paper, according to quality and date. Exchange on Europe is rather higher; we quote sterling at 109½ @ 110, with few transactions at the higher figure; on Paris, at 5.12 @ 5.11.

The Stock Exchange has been dull throughout the week, with no particular movement in prices. It is understood that the New York Railways this week will endeavor to compromise their difficulties. The following table shows the movement of the Stock Exchange for the week:

	Aug. 28.	Sept. 4.
Missouri 6's..........................	84¾	84¾
La Crosse Land Grants..............	25	23
Delaware and Hudson..................	98½	98½
Pacific Mail..........................	88½	90½
Panama..................................	114	114¾
Mew York Central....................	80	79½
Erie....................................	18	18
Hudson..................................	28½	28½
Reading................................	48¾	48½
Michigan Southern....................	24¾	23¾
Michigan Central......................	59½	58
Galena..................................	84	83¾
Rock Island............................	73¾	71¾
Toledo..................................	34	34½
Illinois Central........................	77	76
La Crosse..............................	4	3¾
Milwaukie and Mississippi..........	19½	16½

WEEKLY MARKET SUMMARY.

NEW YORK, *Monday, Sept.* 6, 1858.

THE Wholesale Produce Markets have been generally quiet for the leading kinds of Breadstuffs, the demand having been, for the most part, confined within the limits of the requirements of the home trade, especially for Flour and Corn. On Thursday and Friday Wheat was actively sought, chiefly on speculation....Cotton has been in fair request at strengthening prices....Provisions have attracted considerable attention, as have also Rio Coffee, Crude and Refined Sugars and Teas, closing firmly at our revised figures....Hay and Hops have been more inquired for....Rosin and Linseed Oil have been freely dealt in....The trade in Dry Goods is moderately active. Holders appear to be willing sellers, especially of fabrics not exactly adapted to the wants of buyers. Standard and choice fancy productions are generally firm. The Dry Goods import during the week amounted to $1,885,945 against $1,317,438 the corresponding week of last year....The value of the imports since January 1 reached $41,743,898 against $76,182,018 the same week last year....The movements in other commodities were moderate, and unproductive of any remarkable alterations....We append a revised list of the closing quotations for the leading articles:

Rejected State Flour, per bbl........	$3 70	@	$4 85
Superfine to extra State, per barrel ...	5 00	@	5 50
Superfine to fancy Western, per barrel	5 00	@	5 30
Extra Western, per barrel............	5 10	@	8 50
Fancy to extra Genesee, per barrel...	5 75	@	7 50
Extra Canadian, per barrel...........	5 50	@	6 50
Mixed to Extra Southern, per barrel ..	5 45	@	8 50
Fine to Superfine Rye Flour, per bbl..	3 55	@	4 40
Corn Meal, per barrel................	4 10	@	4 75
White Wheat, per bushel............	1 16	@	1 50
Red Wheat, per bushel..............	90	@	1 30
Corn, per bushel....................	69	@	94
Rye, per bushel.....................	73	@	76
Barley, per bushel..................	65	@	75
Western Oats, per bushel...........	50	@	53
State Oats, per bushel..............	46	@	52
Jersey and Penn. Oats, per bushel....	42	@	45
Southern Oats, per bushel..........	32	@	43
Cotton, middlings, per pound.........	12¾	@	13
Mess Pork, per barrel...............	17 50	@	17 75
Prime Pork, per barrel...............	15 50	@	—
Country Mess Beef, per barrel........	11 50	@	12 00
Prime Mess Beef, per tierce..........	20 00	@	22 00
Beef Hams, per barrel	19 00	@	20 00
Cut Meats, per pound...............	6¾	@	8¼
Lard, per pound.....................	11¼	@	11½
State Butter, per pound.............	14	@	23
Western Butter, per pound...........	12	@	17
Cheese, per pound....................	2½	@	7½
Rice, per 100 pounds.................	2 75	@	3 75
Rio Coffee, per pound................	9¾	@	11½
Cuba Sugar, per pound	6¾	@	8½
Cuba Molasses, per gallon...........	26	@	35
New Orleans Sugar, per pound	7	@	9
New Orleans Molasses, per gallon	50	@	52
Hyson Teas, per pound	27	@	60
Oolong Teas, per pound..............	30	@	55
Domestic Whisky, per gallon	24½	@	—
Hops, per pound......................	8	@	12
Hay, per 100 pounds..................	35	@	65
Tallow, per pound....................	10	@	—
Crude Turpentine, per 280 pounds ...	3 75	@	—
Spirits Turpentine, per gallon	48	@	48½
Tar, per barrel	1 75	@	2 12½
Common Rosin, per 310 pounds	1 65	@	1 70
Linseed Oil, per gallon..............	74	@	76
Kentucky Tobacco, per pound	7	@	14
Seed Leaf Tobacco	6	@	25
American Fleece Wool, per pound....	27	@	46
" Pulled Wool	25	@	38

Stocks of several Articles in New York about Sept. 1.

	1857.	1858.
Coffee, packages..............	118,320	69,477
Cotton, bales	16,246	25,942
Hemp, tons.....................	311	183
Hemp, bales.....................	12,526	22,382
Hides, number	212,776	62,478
Molasses, hogsheads	18,707	6,799
Molasses, barrels...............	14,881	3,343
Pork, barrels	23,640	29,274
Beef, tierces and barrels.........	9,027	5,129
Rice, tierces	1,708	4,302
Rice, bags......................	—	253
Sugars, hogsheads..............	90,848	40,926
Sugars, boxes...................	23,982	31,296
Sugars, bags....................	13,099	7,100
Tobacco, Crude, hogsheads	6,962	11,595
Tobacco, Crude, bales...........	8,855	11,521
Tobacco, Manufactured, pkgs....	34,067	57,523

Freights continued very dull. For Liverpool—Cotton, ¼ @ 5-32d. per pound; Flour, 9d. per barrel; Grain, 2½d. @ 3½d. per bushel; Heavy Goods, 10s. @ 20s. per ton. For other ports proportionate rates. The number of vessels of all classes in port on Saturday was 785.

The Live Stock Markets, last Wednesday, were less active, the telegraph celebration having interrupted business. Most of the butchers purchased their supplies on Tuesday preceding. Hence, on the regular market-day, trade in Beeves was dull, and prices favored buyers. Milch Cows were in slack request, at previous figures. Veal Calves were more sought after at uniform rates. Sheep and Lambs were plenty, and, at the close, lower, yet not very brisk. Swine were also abundant, and a shade cheaper, with a moderate inquiry. The reported receipts of Live Stock during each of the last two weeks compare as follows:

	Week ending *Aug.* 25.	Week ending *Sept.* 1.
Beeves..........................	4,161	5,194
Milch Cows	191	207
Veal Calves.....................	501	491
Sheep and Lambs	13,724	13,182
Swine	8,703	9,096

Of the Forty-fourth Street Market supply of Beeves last Wednesday there were received from

Illinois.........	1473	Indiana.........	269
Ohio............	1087	Iowa	205
New York......	743	Pennsylvania ...	29
Kentucky	313	Texas	12

The range of prices according to the actual sales of Live Stock at the leading City Markets last Wednesday was as follows:

Poor to premium Beeves, per pound ..	$ 5½	@	$ 9
Common to ex. Milch Cows, per head.	25 00	@	60 00
Veal Calves, per pound	4½	@	6¾
Sheep and Lambs, per head..........	1 50	@	5 00
" " per pound.........	3½	@	6
Live Swine, per pound................	4	@	5
Dressed " "	5½	@	6½
Roasting Pigs, each..................	1 00	@	2 00

The Country Produce Markets are well supplied with the leading articles, and prices generally rule low. The general demand is not very brisk.

WHOLESALE PRICES OBTAINED BY PRODUCERS AT WASHINGTON MARKET.

Blackberries, per bushel	2 25	@	3 50
" New Rochelle, per quart.	25	@	—
Huckleberries, per bushel............	2 25	@	2 75
Apples, new, per barrel..............	1 25	@	4 00
Pears, " "	2 50	@	12 00
Peaches, per basket..................	1 00	@	3 00
Plums, per bushel....................	1 50	@	3 00
Lima Beans, per basket	38	@	62
Potatoes, new, per barrel............	1 25	@	2 25
Potatoes, sweet, per barrel..........	4 00	@	5 00
Onions, new, per barrel..............	1 50	@	3 50
Turnips, per barrel..................	1 50	@	—
Cabbage, new, per 100...............	2 00	@	6 00
Squashes, per bushel	75	@	1 00
Pumpkins, per dozen..................	1 25	@	1 75
Green Corn, per 100 ears............	25	@	50
Watermelons, per 100................	5 00	@	15 00
Nutmeg Melons, per barrel...........	1 00	@	1 50
Tomatoes, per bushel	30	@	50
Cucumbers, per 100..................	15	@	50
Eggs, N. Y. and N. J., per dozen	15	@	18
Eggs, Western, per dozen	10	@	11
Chickens, per pair..................	37	@	75
Fowls, per pound.....................	12	@	15
Fowls, per pair......................	50	@	1 00
Ducks, per pair	62	@	1 00
Spring Geese, each..................	1 00	@	1 50
Turkeys, per pound..................	13	@	16
Pigeons, per dozen	1 50	@	2 00
Woodcock, per dozen.................	3 25	@	4 00
Snipe, Dowicher, per dozen	62½	@	1 00
Snipe, Ox-eyes, per dozen...........	25	@	50
Plover, per dozen	1 50	@	2 25

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